

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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CONTENTS

	PAGES
CHRONICLE	49-52
EDITORIALS	
Mr. Coolidge's Unsound Economics—Catholics in Prison—Wage Cutting Again—When Winter Comes—Your Vote—The Clown Becomes a Nuisance	53-55
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
Youth Is Dishonest—Black Vestments—The Farmer Strike in Iowa—The Sisters of Service in Canada	56-62
POETRY	
Unaroused—Symbols	62, 66
BACK OF BUSINESS	63
ECONOMICS	
Recovery When?	63-65
EDUCATION	
The Sub-Normal Child Again.....	65-66
WITHOUT SCRIP OR STAFF.....	66-67
LITERATURE	
Catholicism Inspires Art.....	68-69
REVIEWS	69-72
COMMUNICATIONS	72

Chronicle

Home News.—President Hoover took the lead in a greatly speeded-up Republican campaign. On October 7, he gave an address over a nation-wide radio hook-up, and intended for the women of the country, in which he contrasted his own legislative record with that of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives, and in which he claimed that Republican action had saved the country against irresponsible experiments. In his next speech, given at Washington before the American Bar Association, he condemned those who were for Governmental changes and in particular called upon the Association to stand firmly against further centralization of judicial functions in the Federal establishment. On October 15, the President spoke at Cleveland, where he outlined the Administration's record with regard to the farmers and the unemployed and defended it against attacks. Calvin Coolidge joined the campaign on October 11, when he spoke at Madison Square Garden in New York City. His speech was a review of the economic theories held by the Republican party, a defense of the past actions of the Republican Administration, and an attack on the Democratic party in general and the silence of Governor Roosevelt, since his nomination, on the question of the veterans' bonus. Secre-

taries Mills and Hurley traveled widely about the country speaking for the President.—Governor Roosevelt spoke from Albany over the radio on October 6; he charged the Republicans with having themselves carried on a pork-barrel campaign for the farmers, he called for some sort of Governmental coordination for control of credit, and a revision of the Hawley-Smoot tariff in aid of international trade. On October 18, he left Albany on a speaking trip which would last a week and carry him through Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland. On October 13, he spoke over the radio on Federal responsibility for relief of the destitute.—The latest Literary Digest poll for 38 States showed: Hoover, 781,431; Roosevelt, 1,062,087; Thomas, 106,352.

President Hoover's speech at Des Moines, claiming that at one time this year we were within two weeks of going off the gold standard, due to foreign withdrawals, caused a sharp selling of the dollar in New York and abroad by foreign interests and created a serious difference of opinion between himself and Senator Glass, who strongly denied that such a danger had existed and pointed out that over and above the legal requirements we had held at that time nearly \$600,000,000 in free gold and had \$750,000,000 more easily available.

Canada.—One of the first major acts of the Parliament which opened in the first week of October was that of the readjustment of the tariff schedules in accordance with the agreements made at the Imperial Economic Conference held in Ottawa in August. Prime Minister Bennett outlined the details of the trade treaties and prefaced with explanations the new tariff schedules according preferences to British goods which went into effect on October 12. The primary feature of the proposals, as announced by him, was a "material widening of the preferences" as regards iron and steel. On many classes of such products, the duties were wholly removed; on some others, the preferential margin was made greater. Cotton and wool manufactures were accorded, likewise, either free entry or a preferential tariff. In regard to chemicals and drugs, on which he placed great insistence, as vital and valuable in a trading sense, he stated the objective to be "the shifting from foreign to empire channels of the great and growing business in these indispensables of domestic and industrial economy." On glass, leather, vegetable oil, tobacco, and many other products, the British preferences

were increased. Mr. Bennett, speaking of agricultural products, declared that the Hawley-Smoot tariff had practically closed the United States' markets to Canadian exports. The loss to the United States through the new schedules of Empire preferences was estimated at a minimum of \$40,000,000. Iron and steel exports will be affected most. The same preferences were accorded to the Irish Free State as to the United Kingdom.

Colombia.—Statements attributed to Colombia's special envoy, Laureano Garcia, exonerating the Lima Government and shifting to the residents of the Peruvian Province of Loreto all blame for the seizure of the town of Leticia on September 1, were criticized by the Bogota press as unnecessary, excessively courteous, and unrepresentative of popular sentiment in Colombia towards Peru. One of the popular dailies charged that the interview caused a national panic in Colombia, while another journal suggested that Laureano Garcia be recalled.

Ecuador.—An Ecuadorean clash with Peruvians, which might swing Ecuador's support to Colombia in the event of war between Colombia and Peru, was reported near Machala on October 10. As a result of this skirmish a fresh detachment of troops was sent to reinforce the Ecuadorean garrison. A Congressional commission visited the Chancellor at Quito to obtain details of the border battle.

Germany.—Chancellor von Papen launched into another political campaign. Another effort was being made to break the deadlock which prevented the carrying on of parliamentary government according to the Constitution. The numerous-party system made it impossible for any one party to gain a majority, leaving President von Hindenburg free to retain Von Papen and his Cabinet through which he had ruled by executive decrees. It was generally considered to be Hitler's last chance to prove that he had the commanding following that might justify turning over the Government to the Nazis. From all indications it was reported that his power was dwindling and that the decision at the polls in November would show a decided swing towards nationalism but divorced from Socialism.

Chancellor von Papen was taking the position that his fight was for a "new Germany" and the reconstruction of the Constitution so as to give the nation a center of authority and unity above all factional contentions. He disclaimed all intention of maintaining the present system of control by decrees without Parliamentary approval; but maintained that until an upper chamber of responsible leaders who placed the nation's welfare above all party interests should be legally established, the only safe course was in the personal leadership of President von Hindenburg. His plan called for a controlling body like the United States Senate to serve as a check on the proposals

of the contentious Reichstag; a more personal method of electing deputies so that each would be responsible to his constituents; the reorganization of Prussia to prevent the duality which had hampered parliamentary government; and the economic program which, he contended, was already showing gratifying results.

The greatest opposition to the Chancellor's program came from the Nazis and the Communists; but Bavaria, whose cooperation was essential to any plan of government reorganization, was in strong opposition. The fear that the autocratic method of handling Prussia and her Diet might mean the lessening of her own autonomy steered the Bavarian leaders against the plan. To meet this hostile attitude, Von Papen made his first important appeal to the Bavarian industrialists in Munich on October 12. He stressed the fact that the Government, not the Reichstag, must have supreme power, and denounced the whole movement and attitude of the National Socialists. When he concluded with his campaign slogan, "With Hindenburg for a new Germany," he received an ovation surpassing any demonstration ever given a Chancellor of the Reich by Bavarian leaders.

While the Chancellor was making this important contact with the Bavarian Peoples' Party in behalf of the election on November 6, a special division of the Supreme Court was instituting hearings at Leipzig on the injunction suit which grew out of the abrupt dismissal of the officers of the Prussian Diet. As the case involved the limits of the authority of the President and the Cabinet, and rather delicate interpretations of the Weimar Constitution, it was thought that the case would be a long-drawn-out debate with brilliant authorities on both sides. The Chancellor was also threatened with impeachment proceedings on the reopening of the Reichstag because of his failure to obey the summons to appear before the Standing Committee on the Reichstag's privileges.

Disturbances were reported as the Nazis began the intensive drive for a decision in the approaching election. It was said that, turning their attention from the Communists, they were disturbing and breaking up Nationalist meetings, which led to summary penalties. They were denied the privilege of holding a planned mass meeting in Berlin because of their riotous tactics. It was reported also that dissensions were breaking up the organization of the National Socialists, and the party demanding action was in revolt. Hitler, however, continued to predict that the hour of triumph had arrived and proclaimed a complete victory for his followers at the polls within the month.

Ireland.—Disorders and riotings of a serious nature broke out in Belfast on October 12 and continued for a day or two until the police and military had either arrested or intimidated the disturbers of the peace. The origin of the trouble was the protest of relief workers because of inadequate pay. About 10,000 men and women, accord-

Von Papen in
Bavaria

Envoy's
Statement

Frontier
Troubles

Injunction
Proceedings

Election
Campaign

Hitler
Confident

Constitution
Reforms

Rioting in
Belfast

ing to reports, all unemployed, held meetings and gathered into crowds. Before and at the interference of the police, the crowd disrupted traffic and destroyed tram cars, looted shops, started fires, and fought the police with stones and firearms. The police fired on the crowds in return; two were killed and upwards of fifty were injured. Though the fighting was mostly in the Falls Road area, it spread to other districts. A semi-military rule was set up, with armored cars patrolling the streets, with a curfew imposed, and all exits from the city guarded. Meanwhile, hundreds of arrests were made, and all available police were called in from the Northeastern Counties. These numbered about 3,000, but for greater safety, detachments of British troops were sent to Belfast from the barracks in Ulster and from England. Efforts were made to have a general strike called in sympathy with the demands of the relief workers and for easing the situation of the unemployed.

With expressions of good will on both sides, the conferences between the British and Free State Governments for the settlement of the land-annuities disputes opened in London on October 14. These conferences had been arranged, as noted last week, by President De Valera when returning from Geneva. J. H. Thomas, British Dominions Secretary, declared the desire of his Government for a lasting and honorable peace with Ireland. "We still believe," he asserted, "that all economic advantages to Ireland can come from our association, and all her political aspirations can be met through our partnership in the British Commonwealth." The Free State was represented at the conferences by President De Valera, Sean McEntee, Finance Minister, Conor Maguire, Attorney General, and James Geoghegan, Minister of Justice. Mr. De Valera stated that his Government was prepared, to the best of its ability, to settle the land-annuities dispute; but, he added, "the question of the Free State remaining within the British Commonwealth was not raised at the conference and is not an issue at all in these negotiations." Mr. McEntee was quoted in a dispatch as saying: "We are going into these negotiations not because we have been forced to do so, but because we are anxious to reach an enduring settlement with Great Britain."

Japan.—A decision to seek a peaceful solution of the rebellion in Western Heilung-kiang Province in Manchuria was reached at a conference of high military officials at Tokyo on October 12.—The Foreign Office announced on October 12 that Katsuji Debuchi would return to his post as Ambassador to Washington, probably at the end of November. It was also disclosed that the post was offered to Isaburo Yoshida, lately Ambassador to Rome, but was declined.—On October 13, the Japanese were taking action to rescue 300 Japanese and Korean captives held at Manchuli.

Manchukuo.—From sources close to the Palace of Pu-Yi, Chief Executive of Manchukuo, it was asserted that

the former "Boy Emperor" of China had received emissaries from China proper and discussed with them the possibility of restoring at least a part of the Chinese monarchy under the Manchu dynasty. Pu-Yi believed that the opportunity for this expansion of Manchukuo would come after the Japanese military occupation of Jehol. Japanese military authorities in Manchukuo seemed to regard the occupation of Jehol as inevitable.

Mexico.—On October 6, the Legislature of the State of Vera Cruz approved a resolution calling upon the Governor to declare that all Catholic priests had lost their citizenship rights and empowering him to take over immediately all Catholic church property and convert it to other uses. This action was significant because the movement to restrict the number of priests also started in the State of Vera Cruz, whose Governor, Adelberto Tejeda, served in Calles' Cabinet and was responsible for the anti-Catholic decrees of 1926. He is the leader of the radical wing of the dominant party and has been mentioned for President. In Mexico City, the Chamber of Deputies heard the accusation that Archbishop Diaz was not legally registered and therefore not allowed to exercise his religious functions. A motion to inquire into this fact was passed. The following day the Archbishop was arrested, and after being detained some hours in a police station was fined 500 pesos and registered as a minister of religion in the place of one of the priests attached to the Cathedral. Sporadic attacks were being made on churches and Catholic groups around the country, with loss of life.

Russia.—On October 11, twenty-four Communist leaders charged with being traitors, were expelled by the Party. Among them were Gregory Zinovieff and Leo Kameneff, two men who, with Joseph Stalin, once formed a triumvirate ruling Russia. It was charged that under the leadership of M. Rutin, formerly secretary of a Moscow district group, the leaders had conspired to establish a counter-revolutionary organization to re-introduce capitalism into the Soviets. Zinovieff and Kameneff were accused, not of pure participation in the plot, but of failing to reveal their knowledge of it to the Government. The incident confirmed recent reports from Moscow of intra-party strife and of the rise of a "new opposition" to Stalin and his regime. This opposition, it was reported, was formed by the combination of Right and Left wing members who had been silent ever since their persecution and suppression and the expulsion of Trotsky some years ago. The conspiracy, observers stated, was the result of Moscow's present troubles with agriculture and industry and was initiated some months ago when the oppositionists drew up a memorandum, which they sent to the central committee of the Party, agitating a return to the system of individual, or kulak, farming, together with a demand for the admission of foreign capital and operation of industries.

Hope of
Expansion

Religious
Persecution

New
Opposition

Annuities
Conferences

Conference;
Ambassadors

The memorandum insisted upon the removal of Stalin and made two attacks upon him, charging him with failure in both his foreign and domestic policies. It maintained that in order to aid the work of the Soviet Commissariat of Foreign Affairs he had silenced the Comintern, "the leader of revolutionary workers and oppressed peoples throughout the world." This policy, the memorandum stated, had failed to achieve anything constructive in other countries. Stalin was charged furthermore, with ruining the cooperatives, with having no clear policy towards the peasants, with establishing a personal tyranny, and with the failure of the Five Year Plan. The document stated:

Stalin
Attacked

Everybody is now against Stalin. This includes the heads of State and communal farms, the leaders of the trade unions, the managers of industry, and the rank and file of the workers. The masses in the Party are likewise against him. Stalin has destroyed every vestige of democracy in the Party. On the pretext that there must be unity in the Party he has instituted a system of orders, of decrees, which must be obeyed without question.

On October 10, Soviet officials dedicated the Dnieprostroy plant. In construction on the Dnieper River, near Kichkas, since May, 1927, and not yet completed, the plant is the world's largest hydroelectric project and will eventually supply 16,000,000 people and an area of 70,000 square miles with light and power. Col. Hugh L. Cooper, of New York, the designer and supervisor of the dam and power buildings, was decorated by the Soviets during the dedication ceremonies, as were five other Americans. The plant was named after Lenin, since it was his dream of an electrified Russia that was its inspiration.

Dnieprostroy
Plant
Dedicated

League of Nations.—After the reading of the Lytton report at Geneva, it was the general impression among League officials that Italy, Germany, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and others, would, before making any decision, await the action of the United States, Britain, and France. The League of Nations Council was scheduled to begin its crucial discussion of the Lytton report about November 15.

Lord Lytton's statement, in which he said Secretary Stimson's interpretation of the Briand-Kellogg pact constituted a recognition of the need for collective action, was laid before the State Department officials at Washington, but elicited no comment. It served, however, to focus attention on Secretary Stimson's statements, containing direct allusion to international consultation, in an address before the Council on Foreign Relations in New York on August 8. This address, broadcast nationally, was accepted here and abroad as a general statement of the foreign policy of the United States. It is important to note that the speech had been given before the Lytton report was published. In that address Secretary Stimson said that under the Briand-Kellogg pact "consultation between signatories of the pact when faced with the threat of its violation becomes inevitable." From abroad,

Stimson
Address

reports indicated that this statement was accepted in European capitals as a distinct change in the attitude of the United States; but neither Secretary Stimson nor his collaborators in foreign affairs at Washington had commented upon it.

The decision of Argentina to re-enter the League of Nations after twelve years of absence caused a general renewal of confidence among the officials of the League.

Re-entry of
Argentina

The action of Argentina in applying for re-admission was all the more welcome to the League, as it came at a time when another great Power, Japan, was feeling a desire to free itself from the restraints put upon it by the League. It was thought that the re-entry of Argentina would strengthen pro-League sentiment in other Central and South American countries, particularly Mexico, which was threatening to withdraw.

The Tokyo press was unanimous in its opinion that the Lytton report was based on misunderstandings, and even went so far as to hint that the Commission was prejudiced. The press harped on the suggestion that the whole question was settled by the recognition of Manchukuo. In this negative criticism the fact that the Lytton Commission made a series of constructive proposals going very far in the direction of Japan's wishes was completely lost sight of. In military circles, the intention to preserve dignified silence in regard to the Lytton report gave way to a written statement of Colonel Honoma, in which he revealed the irritation of the War Office. "Despite its euphemistic phraseology," said Colonel Honoma, "the report is so cleverly written that one is made to believe Japan is to blame." The same opinion was voiced by General Araki, Minister of War. The Government's comments on the Lytton report were not yet made public. The Foreign Office at Tokyo on October 5 received from the London Embassy the text of Secretary Stimson's remarks at Philadelphia when he referred to the Far East. A spokesman said that the Secretary's words were much more moderate than the condensed reports indicated. While Japan differed with Mr. Stimson, he added, there was no reason to complain of his speech.

Tokyo

Next week, the Editor will deal with "The Lesson of Insull." In the light of the Pope's teaching, he will show how a holding company works.

Gerard B. Donnelly will write "An Open Letter to Dr. Wingate." Who Dr. Wingate is will appear from the article.

The Church is infallible. But not everybody in it is. This is the burden of Francis P. LeBuffe's "Transferred Infallibility."

Daniel A. Lord's "Youth Is Dishonest" will be followed next week by an article called "Youth Is Cynical."

Elizabeth Jordan's monthly dramatic review will be called "New Plays in Town."

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Mr. Coolidge's Unsound Economics

THE incredible obtuseness of our public men on the causes of the depression was never better illustrated than by the speech of ex-President Coolidge in New York on October 11. It was perhaps pardonable that he should still try to give the impression that the good wild days of speculative "prosperity" during his Presidency constituted a normal economic state and should be brought back again—pardonable, that is, in any but one who has since set himself up as a sort of oracle, in speeches and orations, on the true inwardness of public well-being. In fact, however, he was not even honest with those to whom he spoke.

First of all, he either does not know, or he chose to ignore, the fact that we have suffered from two entirely different economic collapses: the world financial crisis which began as a wave in Austria and ended by dashing itself against our gold reserve earlier this year; and the properly so-called economic crisis which is still with us and shows no sign of abating. By confusing the two, and speaking as if the economic crisis had ended, when in reality only the financial credit panic had ended, Mr. Coolidge did his countrymen a cruel disservice. To his credit be it said that Mr. Hoover both knows the difference between the two and brings out this difference in his speeches, whether his hearers realize that he does or not.

But more serious than this was Mr. Coolidge's calm preachment of the crudest and most sordid laissez-faire in economic matters, the heresy that was the real cause of the depression—what Pope Pius XI calls the system of unbridled competition. It is the old smoke-screen that the best thing for the country is for the Government to see to it by its protection of unlimited competition that the rich become richer, and the benefits will "trickle down." There is no doubt about it, our economic system, by the control exercised over the State by the money masters, is devised so as to build up enormous fortunes

at the expense of the common economic good. Has it not yet dawned upon Mr. Coolidge that this does not even safeguard the paper fortunes themselves? It has upon nearly everybody else. He speaks as if "good times" and "bad times," as he calls them, are due to some mysterious dispensation which we should not question. He seems to be puzzled about the "business cycle," though he is rather complacent that the dip in the cycle did not happen under him, and he dimly realizes that poor people suffer worse under it than do the rich. But has it never occurred to him that the rise of the cycle is the cause of the dip in the cycle, and that the higher the rise, the deeper the dip? He wants us to be philosophical about the dip, but he took good care, when he was President, to push the rise as high as possible. Has it never occurred to him that a system which suffers such rises and dips is fundamentally unsound?

And while Mr. Coolidge is talking laissez-faire, the Government is merrily hurtling ahead on the way to State capitalism. By this time, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has acquired a lien in hundreds of private businesses. Pius XI, who warned us against the evils of a narrow private domination over capital and credit, has equally strongly advised against dumping that capital and credit in the hands of government in times of stress.

"Catholics in Prison"

FOR more than nine years, the Catholic chaplain of the Illinois State Prison at Joliet, the Rev. Leo Kalmer, O.F.M., has been gathering statistics referring to prisoners registered as Catholics. Father Kalmer has not restricted his research to his own State, but has made investigations of prisons in every part of the country. The result, according to the Rev. Francis J. Haas, Ph.D., who has examined Father Kalmer's manuscript, is "a real contribution to a study of the problem of crime, based on more first-hand factual data than any volume published."

Father Kalmer, aware of the pitfalls of all statistical investigations, appears to have taken nothing for granted. At best, American prison statistics are unreliable, but the details referring to Catholics are wholly untrustworthy. All who have dealt with penal institutions have noted the readiness of many prisoners to report themselves as Catholics. It is also a common experience to find that this report is not truthful. In other cases, even a cursory examination discloses the fact that the prisoner had never received even the rudiments of a Catholic training, and that long before reaching manhood, he had ceased to be a Catholic in all but name. It is astonishing to notice the number of studies published as monographs, or as articles in sociological magazines, presenting the most sweeping generalizations, based on a limited number of uninvestigated and, consequently, of unverified, instances. Perhaps the most notorious example of the kind is the widely heralded study of sex life, based on 1,000 anonymous contributions, and published some years ago by K. B. Davis. But statistics relating to Catholics in prison

have been interpreted in an even more grotesque fashion.

Regrettably, Father Kalmer has thus far been unable to find a publisher for his valuable work. The manuscript has been submitted to a number of learned societies, including several of our Catholic universities, but while all recognize the value of the study, not one feels able to assume the risk of publishing it. Since these institutions will probably find the balancing of their budgets a difficult task, even after every possible retrenchment has been made, no adverse criticism of their course is possible. But it is to be hoped that Father Kalmer will continue his researches so that when published, in a better day, the results will be completely up to date.

Wage Cutting Again

THE Federal Government set a bad example when it decided to cut wages. Since that time, this clumsy and, on the whole, unsound device has been adopted by dozens of municipalities and hundreds of shops, mines, and factories. In some instances, the cut has consisted of an actual wage reduction; in others, the same result to the worker has been reached by shortening his hours of work.

Once begun, wage cutting is like a run on the bank. No one knows how it starts; no one knows how to stop it; and everyone thinks himself justified in withdrawing at least a portion of the stipend paid his employees. The first result is a diminution of the employee's purchasing power, and some of us have yet to learn that this diminution is felt, in varying degrees, it is true, by every establishment and private individual in the community. Extreme examples are afforded by towns in which a majority of the wage earners are attached to one industry in which wages are lowered. Every individual who has a commodity for sale, whether it be boots or bread, lodgings or lumber, suffers when the wage scale goes down.

The chief burden is carried by the employee and his family. This burden may soon grow so heavy that he is forced to apply to some private or public relief association, and not many weeks pass before the association's resources are depleted. It was estimated that ex-Mayor Walker's proposed ten-per-cent wage cut for all city employees would have reduced the funds contributed for public relief by about \$10,000,000. The evil grows by what it feeds on. Every new cut in wages means a potential object of charity, and a decrease in the funds which can be used to relieve him.

Foresight and economical management would have averted wage cutting in many of the industries. There is no doubt that wage cutting has been carried to a wholly unnecessary extreme by many city governments. The public-school teachers of New York stressed this fact when, in their reply to Acting Mayor McKee, they asserted that the elimination of wasteful and extravagant methods would enable the city to balance its budget without calling for a cut of six per cent on all salaries in excess of \$3,000. In his short tenure of office, the Acting Mayor has brought about many reforms, but it seems to us that his insistence upon a general reduction of wages

is unwise. He made a striking gesture recently when he called in nearly 200 automobiles, which had been placed at the disposal of certain city officials at a cost of about \$600,000 per annum. That sum is not great when compared with the city's \$600,000,000 budget, but fifty reforms of that type will save the city five per cent of its expenditures. We believe that, if properly supported, the Mayor can easily find fifty more sources of waste. Their suppression will do away with the necessity of cutting the salaries in the lower brackets, many of which barely reach the level of a living wage.

For reasons that are known throughout the country, New York is much in the public eye. But the policies in this matter which apply to the metropolis are equally applicable to every city in the country. A wage-cutting policy is justifiable only as an emergency measure. Every municipal activity that connotes waste or extravagance should be suppressed before it is considered.

When Winter Comes

SPEAKING at the convention of the National Conference of Catholic Charities at Omaha, Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, warned us that the hardest Winter of all was just ahead. The number of the unemployed and of wage earners on part time is approximately 20,000,000. It is highly probable that three times that number will apply for help at some time in the coming Winter.

The figures are appalling, but we have no time to waste on a recital of horrors. If all the resources at our command are used properly, we need not fear that any considerable number of our people will die because of starvation or exposure. But precisely because the need is so great, all organizations for relief know that great caution is necessary in expending the funds entrusted to them.

Speaking for the Society of St. Vincent de Paul at the Omaha meeting, James F. Murphy, of Detroit, suggested a general policy of retrenchment in all but the most necessary forms of relief. Many things that could properly be done in less-stringent times must be abandoned, in whole or in part. Many activities, such as night schools, recreational centers, plans for vacation camps, and other child-caring devices, will be discontinued. Conditions will vary, of course, in different parts of the country, but in the larger cities, at least, all our energy will be needed to fend off starvation from the unemployed and their families.

Every kind of waste must be eliminated, and among the worst form of waste is the habit of giving indiscriminately. Police records in New York and other large cities show that many street beggars are able to collect \$10 daily, which means that a considerable sum is taken from the deserving poor and bestowed on impostors. It is unwise to give to any individual not actually known to be in want; in case of doubt, he should be referred to an association which will be able to make a proper investigation. If the money thrown away upon the undeserving in any large city could be collected, it would suffice to

support hundreds of families. It was estimated last Winter by John A. Harris that the tender-hearted citizens of New York were supporting several thousand street beggars in luxury. Associations soliciting funds should also be investigated before their appeals are answered.

That private charity will be able to meet all the demands next Winter is highly improbable. The State must do its part, and in the present emergency, greater than any ever presented to the American people, it is incumbent upon Congress to take immediate action.

Your Vote

IT is the duty of every good citizen to cast his vote intelligently and conscientiously. No exception can be taken to the principle as thus stated, but when the average citizen tries to reach a conclusion, his troubles begin. He may know little or nothing about the issues at stake in the election, and little or nothing about the respective candidates. Unable to remove this ignorance, he votes on a "guess," and so helps to write another argument against universal suffrage.

By this time probably nine out of every ten voters have cast either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt into the outer darkness. As far as we can observe the trend of events, our people, irrespective of party affiliation, are against one or the other, with a very respectable minority against both, and a smaller, but still respectable, minority which is so disgusted with politics that it will stay at home on election day. These conditions make it no easier for the man who wishes to cast an intelligent and conscientious vote.

However, it should not be extraordinarily difficult for the voter to assess the issues in the smaller fields. As a rule, he is fairly well acquainted with his own city, and should be able to discover whether or not it is controlled by rascals for whom he must provide large salaries. What means can be used to end the reign of the rascals in our large cities is another problem, but we believe that the depression will be of great help in bringing about a practicable program of reform. We have tolerated municipal corruption for many years. The straitened circumstances of the last few years have taught us that this toleration is an expensive luxury, and all over the country steps are being taken to end it.

No less important than good city government is good Congressional government. It is unfortunate that elections to the House and Senate can fall in a Presidential year, a time in which political prejudice is apt to displace reasoned judgment. But all of us now know that taxation is more burdensome than at any time in our history, and we know that this heavy load has been put on us by the misuse of Federal appropriations, or by appropriations for activities which have no proper place in the work of the Federal Government. These enormous expenditures will continue as long as we send men to Congress who seem never to have learned that every Federal appropriation must be paid for by all the people. No man who has not learned that truth should be returned to Congress at the November elections. The importance and,

in fact, the imperative need of a Congress pledged to strict economy, has never been greater.

Since both parties pledge themselves to strict economy, the wise voter will ask the candidate what he understands by the phrase. Does he favor, for instance, such schemes as the Federal Department of Education which will soon grow into a bureaucracy requiring hundreds of millions annually for its sustenance? If he does, then our attitude should be thumbs down. What does he think of the plan to enlarge the Women's Bureau and the Children's Bureau, strengthening them, with an increased appropriation? Is he in favor of taxing the country for new and more powerful armaments? Does he believe it an economical policy to spend hundreds of millions in a vain effort to enforce Prohibition, and to defeat a proposal which, by permitting beer, would provide work for millions, and money enough to balance the budget?

From a practical point of view, the choice of a President is of less importance than the choice of a good Congress. As to the first, it would be out of place for us to suggest a choice. But we feel no hesitancy in urging every voter to discover the attitude of the candidate for the House in his district on the topics we have noted.

The Clown Becomes a Nuisance

THE Pope wrote an Encyclical on Mexico. The Mexican President chose to take umbrage at this act and expelled the Apostolic Delegate. Will Rogers passed by Mexico City a few days later on an air jaunt, and his syndicated piece told the world: "I tell you this is the most civilized country in the world." The *New York Times* and other newspapers published the piece.

Will Rogers is becoming a nuisance. Advices from Hollywood tell us that he is beginning to take himself seriously. He started life as a clown and made lots of money at it. He was shrewd and capitalized his privileged position to deliver hard knocks on public questions, and sometimes he was right. Then he began to slip "publicity" into his pieces, for Calles, for the aircraft industry, for California, for Coolidge. He began to stop being funny, at least consciously so. The court jester would become Prime Minister. At that point he becomes a nuisance. The strange part of it is that the *Times*, which suppressed one of his unfunny paragraphs about the sins of the newspapers a few weeks ago, allowed to pass by this outrageous slur upon the Catholic Church.

If Will Rogers imagines that Mexico is the "most civilized country"—though it makes little difference whether he does or not, for as a serious clown his worth is not more than that of an illiterate country school teacher—others do not think so. The Protestant and liberal *Christian Century*, in a editorial on the Mexican situation, says: "The Pope is right on one point: Mexico's revolutionary government is not only anti-clerical but anti-religious," and the *Congregationalist*: "No one can question but that the Roman (*sic*) Church is being unfairly dealt with in Mexico." Rogers' attempt to use the *New York Times* to head off this kind of truth-telling is doomed to failure.

Youth Is Dishonest

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

IT is always easier to analyze vices than virtues and to explain defects rather than good qualities. So in our discussion of characteristics of modern youth, we are frankly beginning with their bad qualities.

And we begin with the flat statement: Youth is often surprisingly, singularly, exasperatingly dishonest.

Now probably no statement sounds more out of line with the virtues with which youth has been endowed by its eulogists. Writer after writer, speaker after speaker, summarizes in some such form as this: "Whatever else you may say of modern youth, this at least is certain: Youth is magnificently honest."

The young people have heard this statement so often that in a way they have come to believe it themselves and to brag of it themselves; which is only another proof that we are most prone to brag of virtues which we most notably lack.

If honesty and frankness were the same thing, it would probably be absolutely true to say that youth is honest. For they are frank. They rather pride themselves about a sort of unnecessary frankness. They have seen crooks parading their crookedness and defending it. That has impressed them. They have seen harlots perfectly frank about their harlotry, and this frankness seemed better to them than what they love to call Victorian hypocrisy. Frankness in the sense of blunt-spoken vulgarity has entered heavily into literature, and bluntness of that sort has an instant appeal to young men and to a less extent to young women.

But to call a spade a spade, to admit unblushingly that one has recently been "tight," to parade a more or less shameful amour, is not necessarily bound up with honesty at all. Frankness in speech and honesty in conduct may be as far apart as vice and virtue. Don Juan was very frank about his love affairs; he wasn't particularly honest in his pursuit of them. Robin Hood was candidly a genial bandit; one could hardly call him a model of honesty.

The first things that so often surprise one about the younger generation is that they seldom if ever associate the idea of honesty with their duties to their school. They will, in a thousand cases, accept the education their parents give them at tremendous sacrifice, and squander their opportunities shamefully. They have little or no conception of the fact that by wasting their chances they are coming close to stealing money from their parents. It is the boy or girl working his way through professional school who most frequently is making the real use of his opportunities. Sons and daughters of the indulgent rich and the doting middle class slide through school, dishonestly wasting chances, throwing money away, without so much as a backward or regretful look.

Two years ago, we sent out in a questionnaire a trick

question: "Can anything be done to prevent cheating in class?" Not one in 100 of those who answered said: "There is no cheating." Instead they suggested everything from the strictest penalties to the abolition of examinations.

Cheating is a terribly widespread custom. Of course, cheating has always existed, but we should not look for it in a group self-admittedly honest. Book reports are passed from class to class. Two Eastern universities recently found that their students had put copying into the class of big business, so that a student for a hundred dollars could buy a complete set of assignments covering an entire English, history, or biology course.

Students cheat shamelessly in examinations, borrow the work of other students, copy their experiments, and even establish groups in which each student in turn supplies the rest with needed material for class.

Among college students there is a surprising lack of honesty with parents. Quite prevalent is the custom of announcing to parents that they are going one place, highly approved by the family, and then going elsewhere. A guardian angel's viewpoint of the destinations of those leaving college over a week-end would be illuminating, both to the faculty and the parents. All don't do this, of course, but the number is sufficiently large to make it an interesting phenomenon.

Toward one another, the "line" has become very common. Young men without a blush pay girls the most bland flatteries: young women express a heart interest in young men for whom they feel not the slightest regard. A surprising number of girls admit that they want from the young man all they can get in the way of entertainment, and believe he should be made to pay, if necessary, "through the nose." A surprising number of boys judge a girl by the clothes she wears, and a disappointing number of girls are pretty insistent on the boy coming in a car.

"Leading on" a boy is not considered anything except a normal pastime. "Handing a girl a line" is the accepted thing. That either has any slight connection with dishonesty is something that has not seemed to dawn.

It would be ridiculous to make these charges out of thin air. The plain fact remains that when young men and women are faced with the question of wasting an education, cheating, calm deception of parents and faculty, and the "line," they admit it is dishonest. Many of them, be it said to their credit, are scrupulously honest and refuse to be dragged along by the current. Many, once frankly looking at the situation, take a definite stand for honesty. There are even schools in which that utopia of educational devices, the honor system, works—to a limited extent. But with all that, this generation which is supposed to be characterized by honesty is

strangely dishonest in all sorts of things that vastly matter.

However, it would be interesting to know just how much honesty has been preached to these young men and women, not in the theory of the pulpit and classroom, but in life as they actually see it lived.

They all know that it is against the law to violate the Eighteenth Amendment—whatever may be thought of that amendment. They know that the bootlegger and racketeer are connected closely with crime and dishonesty. Yet father at the dinner table has words with mother because she forgot to call up the bootlegger for that case of gin and those two quarts of Scotch.

Mother and dad in the presence of the children talk quite frankly about the trickery they are using to get out of paying their personal-property tax. Uncle brags of his drag with the police courts that makes it possible for him to smash the traffic laws and get by without paying his just fine. Slipping things past the customs officials is a great joke.

Among families there grows up the consistent policy by which mother says: "You can do it, but don't tell your father"; and father gives the same sort of permission with the understanding that mother is to be kept in the dark: deceived, in other words.

The newspapers parade before them the most astonishing succession of dishonest acts. Shady stock manipulation can never be to the young man's or woman's mind other than dishonest. Fortunes piled up in defiance of God's law and man's, and protected by the known trickery of crooked lawyers, are an inspiration to young people to try the same policies on a smaller scale. The flagrant peculations of public officials, blasted to the nation through a thousand news mediums, is hardly the sort of thing to inspire honesty in young people. And the fact that Scarface Al Capone is bigger news than Herbert Hoover and Jane Addams and the Prince of Wales all rolled into one makes honesty seem rather an unimportant item in the career of "go-getters."

If youth is dishonest, the world about youth is surprisingly dishonest too. Two wrongs do not make a right, and youth, fronted with its dishonesty, admits and dislikes it. But it is hard to retain high ideals when low ideals are talked at the dinner table, publicized on Wall Street, and headlined in the newspapers.

Yet with all this dishonesty, this must be said: When a modern young man or woman is really trusted and really put on his honor, he responds magnificently. This has been my own constant personal experience with them. If an appeal be made to their honor and they know they are trusted, they will not trick or fool or fail the one who trusts them. It would almost seem as if their dishonesty was a thoughtless rather than a planned thing, something they had drunk in with the atmosphere about them, something that is easy and in the swing of the times, rather than something they have thought out and adopted as a policy.

Perhaps we are not putting them sufficiently on their honor with motive and reason to stimulate their honesty. Perhaps we are simply failing to give them the example of an honesty that shines with convincing beauty before their eyes.

Black Vestments

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

OUT in the street was the freshness and silence of early dawn. He had closed the door quietly after him, almost stealthily. He was alone in the street, alone in the new dawn that was creeping down from the roofs to the pavement. It was an unfamiliar hour. The flat fronts of the rows of brick houses seemed dormant and the long perspective of the street was deserted. He felt the strangeness of it, but he felt more within him the serene balm of the dawn upon the houses and streets, felt that he was vivified in the cool and tranquillity of it, that within him all was calmed and stilled by the coming of a new morning.

"It is the coming of the day, the coming of the new day, the day of mother's dawning," he repeated over and over again to himself, as if in a refrain. "A happy day with a happy dawn, not a gray dawn for a sad day, not dark but golden." But then he said "Oh!" as would a man who was in tense anguish, audibly. "Oh!" He turned from the cross street into the avenue.

Twenty-five years ago, as a boy, he ran along this street he had just left and this avenue, early, sometimes very early in the morning. He was an altar boy then, and his mother thanked God that he was allowed to serve at Mass. He did not always run. Sometimes, after a day of baseball or hiking or skating, his bones ached; then he shuffled along awkwardly, and was sleepy and wished he were back in bed. He remembered those days now; without her, he never would have gone down the avenue to the church, early in the morning, with no one on the street, a little boy alone in the silent dawn. He closed his eyes against the dawn. "Oh!" he breathed.

In the little triangle of a park before the church, the birds sang merrily their song of the dawn. They were in the choir loft of the trees trilling merrily to the morning. He paused a moment to peer upward to them, and opened his lips as if to question them; but then he lowered his head, quickly, as if conscious of a sudden pain. Slowly, he crossed the park and came to the gray, stone steps of the rectory. He lingered on the steps before entering, and turned to face the church. The dawn was on it, on the face of the square rocks of which it was built, one stone upon the other, rising impassive into the air.

It was her church. A little figure in black she was, coming down the avenue early in the morning and looking up at the birds singing merrily in the little park and stepping up on the curb before the church. She was old, very old, but brave and eager in her step. White curls peeped out from beneath her widow's hat, and deep-set brown eyes, with a spark in them, with a light of the dawn in them. The door of the church is still closed, for

the night is only now withdrawing. She looks at the door expectantly, as if it should be open. No matter, it soon will be. She passes her beads through her fingers, and turns toward the birds singing in the park. She is content. She is so happy to be here in the early morning. She can talk to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother just as well here on the street as she can in the church. Old Ed the sexton, he'll be coming any minute now.

"No," he told himself as he stood on the rectory steps. "Not today, not tomorrow. Not any other day again. Never. Yes, many, many days before. Often and often. But no, never, never any more." He ascended the steps of the rectory and let himself in.

Within, he walked quietly, for the other priests did not know it was the dawn. He put his foot carefully on each step of the stairs, for the creaking might disturb them. He made no sound as he closed the door of his room. A great peace was in his soul, a peace that transfused itself through all his body. Meditatively, he slipped off his coat and put on his cassock. Sitting in the rocking chair near the window, he gazed dreamily out on the side street into which the dawn was now brightening. It would be more than an hour, he thought, before the sexton would open the church and he could say Mass. He began to say his Rosary, and stared out into the morning.

Something was pulsating within him, he realized, for all his quiet. He had some restless desire to go out again into the streets, into the dawn, and to walk and to walk. He wanted to talk to some one, to somebody whom he did not know, out in the morning, in the street. But yet, he did not want to walk, did not want to talk; he wanted to be alone, to be in peace, quiet in the rocking chair with the door closed and the dawn coming in through the window. He tried to remember what Mystery he was saying on his beads.

This was Friday; when was it? On Tuesday? Yes, on Tuesday night she had her argument with the Blessed Virgin. What indignation she showed, what a tone, as if she were terribly shocked and surprised! He smiled as he remembered how she admitted, the next day, that she was really angry with Our Lady. "Why shouldn't I feel hurt?" she had demanded of him.

It was on Tuesday night that she spoke right out to Our Lady. "Blessed Mother of God!" she had exclaimed in the same way that she would have called Jim or Betty to order. "Blessed Mother of God! You gave me everything that I ever asked you before. Everything in my whole life. And now you won't give me what I'm asking and begging for. It's the last thing I'll ever ask you to do, and still you won't listen to me. What is the matter with you? Why are you keeping away? Why won't you let me come? Blessed Mother of God, will you please do what I'm asking you? I've waited long enough. Come, now, and take me." She kept quiet then, and waited for her answer.

When she spoke again, she showed that she was still puzzled by Our Lady; but she thought, perhaps, that the Blessed Virgin was doing her best. She confided: "I

love God, first of all, before everything and everybody in the world. And then I love Jesus most. And after Him, I love His Blessed Mother." She paused then, as if calculating why Our Lady was delaying. She moved her head, and her lips formed "Joe" and "Mary" and "Father." She spoke louder. "Next, I love my children. They are good children. And then I love all the others." She opened her eyes in surprise. "There's nobody in the whole world that I don't love!"

Remembering these moments, as he rocked back and forth in the chair, in the quiet dawn, he knew that she meant it. There was the old colored woman who was sick; she would slip out of the yard, without saying a word to anyone, and bring her a bit to eat. There was Mrs. Buehler who had the rheumatism and couldn't be up and about and didn't have very many to visit her; she would go in for a minute and see what she could do. She told them all that she loved them. She loved Mrs. Cooper who hated Mrs. Irving, and she loved Mrs. Irving who hated Mrs. Cooper. And when they came to see her with their complaints about one another, well, she was so sorry, and she was so sure it was a mistake, and wouldn't they love each other for her sake for she did love all of them?

Strangely, he thought to himself, they all did listen to her, finally, and did what she asked them. Everybody did. They responded to her gentle ways, and liked to talk to her. Everybody did, even the loungers on the street corner. Whenever she walked out alone, and they saw her, they would go along with her, rough, reckless men, some of them. In the evenings, when she might be going to church she would take them by the arm and lead them with her. What? They wouldn't go into church with her? Countless times, the same thing would happen. She couldn't get over it; they would go right up to the door of the church and wouldn't go in. She must pray for them, pray more. So they would lounge outside the church till services were over, and then happen to meet her on the way home. They loved her, for she was gentle with them, and loving. She had no hate in her heart, no resentment. She loved God first, and then Our Lord, and then the Blessed Mother, and then everybody.

He looked at his watch, and at the beads in his fingers. Only three decades said, and he had been sitting there an hour. It was light, and the golden sun was streaming along the street without. There was the hum of the city awakening. He was conscious of his breathing, of deep, long breaths, and of the freshness of the morning and the clearness of it. Like last night, when she lay so quiet and still, and he was fearful. She could not speak, then. But he had put his lips close to her ear and whispered, he did not know why, "Mother, can you smile?" Her cheeks lifted and the corners of her mouth rose, just a little, only for a moment; it was a brave effort; but she smiled, and it was her last message. He left her, then, for a time and went to the next room to rest.

Betty was at the door and said, "Come." He leaped up in the darkness; he was aware that his heart stopped beating. They were all gathering there in the room. They fell on their knees about the bed. He threw the stole

about his neck and lifted his hand to make the Sign of the Cross in the final Absolution. Someone asked: "Is she dead?" He answered roughly: "Pray now; find out later." He spoke the words of Absolution; he felt surging through him the certainty and majesty of Christ. God must listen to his words; God could not withstand them. He was forgiving sins, whatever sins there were, forgiving sins forever. God had no choice in it. With a fierce intensity of power, he pronounced the Plenary Indulgence. He knew that under his words the remains of sin were shriveling up like a burning paper and that with a sweep of his hand he was brushing away the ashes. He went on with the prayers for the dying, and the others answered him. She was gone; the Blessed Mother of God had answered her prayer, though she kept her waiting.

He rose from the rocking chair. And that, why, that had happened only a little more than two hours ago, only a little before he had walked out into the dawn. He heard Father Carter walking toward the steps. The church would be open now and he could say Mass for her. He could wear black vestments today. But why wear black vestments for her? White would be better, or gold, the vestments for a feast day, like the clean pallor of the dawn, like the gold of the sun that was streaming in the window, vestments to fit the mood of the birds that were singing merrily in the little park across the way.

Not black vestments like the darkness of the night that was passed; she walked out from the night, out into the dawn and the morning, with her brave little steps and her surprised brown eyes. Already she had raised her lips to the Blessed Virgin and said: "And are you the Mother of God? I always loved you, but why did you keep me waiting so long?" She had taken the hand of Jesus, as she used to take the hand of her priest friends, and pressed it close to her heart. "I do love You," she had already said in her quaint way. "I think I love You more than I ever did before." Both Mother and Son must have smiled down at her gently, for everybody smiled at her.

He smiled himself, as he walked over toward the sacristy. Father Carter was waiting for him, the priest who was next to St. Joseph in her love, she used to say. Father Carter was arranging the black vestments on the table for him. Somewhere, down deep in his being, he was laughing to himself. Certainly, he was expected to wear black vestments for her! She would appreciate that, especially now. But she would have looked at him, seriously, and would have told him to do what it was right for him to do. So he kept the laughter tight within him and put on the black vestments. Still, all the while, he kept protesting to her that he would prefer the white, or better still, that beautiful gold set which they used on feast days.

The Farmer Strike in Iowa

FLORENCE D. SULLIVAN, S.J.

WHEN the headlines of our metropolitan dailies carried the news of the uprising of the Iowa farmers, the country was shocked and alarmed. Having grown up in the very center of that fertile, peaceful land, I could not believe that those sane, level-headed, home-loving, neighbor-revering countrymen could have suddenly gone haywire. The soil of Iowa might produce anything but Communism. It would be the last place to look for a Bolshevik.

But the papers played up the new war. It was the breaking out of the international revolution. It was the beginning of the American Soviet. And when the news was flashed that twelve pickets guarding the roads near Cherokee, a small town between Sioux City and Fort Dodge, had been batted down with buckshot by gunmen flying past in an automobile, it did seem as if the spark had been set to dynamite.

Reports told of these once quiet, unoffensive men moving about in strong battalions, seizing and holding the gateways to the cities, obstructing traffic, capturing trucks, cutting tires, and dumping into the ditch the loads of produce which their own neighboring farmers were bringing in to the markets, perhaps because they needed cash to stave off a mortgage which would have taken their home and farm from them.

It seemed hard to believe that all this was happening in Iowa. Surely the farmers must have been driven mad by the depression and the failure of the Government even

to consider them as an important part of these United States. One recalled how the many measures proposed to Congress for the alleviation of the farmer were defeated or vetoed, how the Federal Farm Board had completely failed to solve the problems that were driving the poor farmer to the poorhouse. What wonder if in their discouragement and despair they had lost their heads!

A favorable opportunity came to me while attending the National Catholic Charities Convention in Omaha at the end of September to make a trip by motor through the chief centers of the disturbance. The route chosen would take us through Council Bluffs, Sioux City, Lemars, Cherokee, Fort Dodge, Perry, Belle Plaine, Cedar Rapids, and on to Dubuque.

Sioux City had been the storm center from which the movement had spread like wild fire. After a short stop in Council Bluffs we followed Route 75 up the beautiful Missouri Valley and came to the once famous railroad and distributing center of the Northwest. We found the city quiet, rather sullen, much the worse for wear, a mere shell of its former greatness. But the visible signs of the much-talked-of Farmer Strike were not in evidence. There were no pickets along the road or at the city's gateways; no trucks were stopped or searched. It was one of those bright and cheering Indian-summer days, and a sweet peace and calm seemed to hover over the whole western country.

It was when we came in contact with the people them-

selves that we realized in the grim determination fixed upon their brown, hard features, as one might have seen in an Indian chief before a battle, that the fight was not over. They had made sporadic attempts but had failed for several reasons. One was that too many of the farmers themselves refused to enter into the plan or failed to keep their promises; another and the chief one, that whereas the farmers had no intention of using violence in their plan of boycott, an element of radical disturbers and unemployed Communists rushed out to join the pickets, and soon friendly persuasion and educational methods had given away to rough rowdyism and acts of violence. This was not the Farmer Holiday plan at all; and so, when the Cooperative Milk Producers Association rejected the strike idea entirely, the Iowa farmers withdrew from the field of action after having gained some slight increase in the price of milk.

But it was evident that the farmers were beginning to realize the justice of their cause and the power of concerted movement in withholding the staples of life as the only potent weapon of their defense. They argued that since the Federal Courts were protecting Utilities and Railroads, establishing rates that would cover operating expenses and provide a reasonable profit for the investors, and since manufacturers and merchants were aided by Congressional tariffs, surely something should be done to protect the farmer from being forced to sell his produce below the very cost of production. In their convention in 1927 they unanimously approved this statement of their case: "If we cannot obtain justice by legislation, the time will have arrived when no other course remains than the organized refusal to deliver the products of the farm at less than production costs." The Farmer Holiday plan to strike was merely their desperate effort to make this declaration real and to force the world to give them a just hearing.

The real start of the outbreak—the spark that set off the repressed anger and mad resolve to use some form of coercion—was the milk situation which had become particularly acute at Sioux City.

It must be remembered that while Iowa has long been famed for its corn and oats and live stock, it has gone seriously and scientifically into the dairy business and with great success. The finest quality of milch cows was obtained and developed, their rich fields supplied abundance of the best food, and every modern precaution and modern invention were used to secure perfect results. Many of the Iowa farmers have made the milk industry their chief and only concern.

The price for milk at the creameries and distributing stations had been falling until it reached \$1.00 per cwt. for milk that met the average standard of 3.5-per-cent butter fat. This meant about two cents per quart for the finest milk. Realizing that they could not produce milk at such a figure, especially when the market could not, or would not, purchase all they produced, the farmers decided to withhold the milk from the centers of distribution. It was plainly within their rights to refuse to place on the market their chief commodity so long as

the distributors refused to pay a price that would justify production. They called the movement the Farmer Holiday.

The plan was entirely a friendly one among the farmers themselves. They hoped that all the milk producers, seeing that they were all in the same hole, would voluntarily aid in the common effort to pull themselves out of it. When it was found that some did not understand the movement or were reluctant to make a fight for their rights, the leaders of the strike placed pickets along the roads to stop them and to try to persuade them of the importance of concerted action. Violence of any kind was not thought of. It was not long before a reckless element of the unemployed, men who were inclined to radicalism and Communism, went out to join the farmers; and then unfortunately violence took the place of persuasion. When it was seen that the excitement might develop into a civil war, a compromise was effected, giving the producers \$1.50 per cwt., and the farmers, true to their conservative habits and loyal citizenship, declared a holiday of the Holiday Strike and gloomily returned to their farms to await arbitration through the Governors of the six agricultural States involved.

At Fort Dodge I learned more details of the grievance of the dairy farmer. The price at the creameries there was \$1.25 per cwt. for milk testing 3.5-per-cent butter fat, with five cents added for each point above the standard and five cents off for each point below. Thus milk showing 3.6 per cent would bring \$1.30. But even this statement is misleading. There were 211 dairy farms supplying milk to Fort Dodge. Of these 200 were devoted entirely to the milk industry.

If all the milk that these 211 farms offered to the creameries were bought at this price, the farmers might be content. But this is not so. Only that quantity which is needed for bottled milk to be distributed in Fort Dodge is bought at this price. This runs about twenty-two per cent of the total. The remainder or seventy-eight per cent is classed as surplus and the farmer is offered from sixty-six to sixty-nine cents per cwt. for this equally good milk. The farmer cannot store the surplus; he must unload it at any price. He must be content to turn over milk that may run 3.6-per-cent butter fat for a cent and a half a quart. And from this surplus the cream is taken which is used in making butter, cheese, and ice cream, household commodities always in demand and sold at prices out of all proportion to the price paid the farmer for his milk.

And then the irony of the situation appears when the farmer wants to take home with him some of the skimmed milk for feeding his stock. He must pay twenty-five cents per cwt. for this skimmed milk which reduces the price of the surplus milk to about forty-one or forty-five cents.

The farmer faces the same unsolvable problem when he tries to sell his wheat or corn or live stock. The market prices quoted in the papers represent what the dealer or middleman gets; but the farmer must sell at a figure which will allow the trader to protect himself and cover freight charges, feeding, possible shrinkage, and the

change of the market. I found that corn was selling at 14 cents a bushel; it had once brought from 80 to 90 cents; and a price of 75 cents would make it worth while to raise corn. Oats were 10 cents for grade 1 and 6 cents for grade 3; the farmer used to get 40 to 45 cents; and would be well off at 30 cents. Hogs, while quoted at \$4.70, brought the farmer only \$2.40; they once brought as much as \$12.50; the farmer would be content with a price of \$6 or \$7.

Then there is the economic and financial machinery, the unpaid loans, the pressing mortgages, the tightening or I might say strangling of credit as far as the farmer is concerned; and almost every form of discouraging weight which our broken-down economic system has placed about the neck of agriculture.

Such is the sad plight of the American farmer, for Iowa may be taken as a good illustration because of its former prosperity, which unfortunately has completely withered, leaving only the ghosts of unprofitable labor, lack of money, unpaid debts, and general discontent to stalk over those fertile fields. It is a tragedy—the great-

est American tragedy; and only the humor of the perennial good-nature of the West could have named their battle for their very life a "Farmer Holiday."

It will be interesting to note that the dairy farmers in England have found themselves in the same predicament and by a similar weapon of defense have won a favorable compromise which has ended for the time being the alarming dairy strike. AMERICA's correspondent in England has just sent details which parallel the Iowa story. The milk distributors were a strong organization and the farmers had complained in vain that they were being underpaid for their product. They seemed unable to get any satisfaction. Then they organized to control the milk situation and refused to send any milk into the cities. London became alarmed. The public realized the direful threat. A compromise was soon effected which gave the dairymen at least a living wage. Our correspondent remarks: "No one thought that the farmers would achieve anything by standing out against the powerful distributors. Thus they have won a moral victory and may be encouraged to fight again."

The Sisters of Service in Canada

WILLIAM BURKE TEELING

IN the very heart of Canada is a missionary field not for the making of new Catholics, but to keep to the Faith those born as Catholics. In Western Canada nearly one-sixth of the Catholic population is totally out of touch with the Church, its Sacraments, or its teaching. The Bishops and Archbishops in the West are at their wits' end to provide priests for the work required, or funds to travel and keep in touch with the thousands of scattered families.

In the meantime, more and more Central-European Catholics have been pouring into the country, and proselyting is the rule of the day in many provinces, notably among the Ruthenians; for these, other religions publish no less than eight weekly newspapers.

To stop this, in some small way, Father Daly less than ten years ago founded an organization of missionary Sisters under the care of the Archbishop of Toronto. They were to come from Eastern Canada and they were to work in the West.

The idea came actually from Australia, when in 1857 Father Woods and Mother Mary Mackillop started the Sisters of St. Joseph. With "never see an evil without trying to remedy it" as their motto, they set out to work in the bush, penetrated all Australia, and today their successors in Australia and New Zealand are carrying on a work that in Canada has also been and is making rapid strides.

The Sisters of Service plan to devote themselves as far as possible to the new settlers—the immigrants. At the port of entry they meet them and give them advice. In all the big towns they planned to have branches and act as sorting houses for the women and the girls, and the families who are passing through. As catechists they

would instruct the children and prepare them for First Communion and Confirmation. They would take the place of the absent priest on Sunday, gather the Catholics together, and hold devotional exercises. They wished to become fully qualified teachers and so be in a position to take full charge of schools. They would be trained nurses and open small hospitals and visit and advise the sick. Lastly as social workers they would help build up the home of the new settlers, and make of the foreigner a real Canadian citizen and member of the Empire.

Gradually they are succeeding in their endeavor and hope one day, when they have a hundred sisters, to send some to England to help prepare the right type of immigrant for Canada. Like so many others, they are convinced the best type of Catholic for Canada that comes from abroad comes from England, Ireland, or Scotland. At Quebec and Halifax they have their branches. There the Sisters meet every boat that comes in, and no Catholic escapes them. In Halifax in 1929-1930 they met no less than 219 steamers during the winter months and found that out of 38,974 immigrants, no less than 22,400 were Catholics. In Quebec they referred no less than 5,908 Catholics to priests or members of the C. W. L. in the places of final destination during the few months that port is open. They are now in charge of the Catholic hostel for immigrant girls, and during the same twelve months they provided 9,020 beds, served 31,176 meals, met 419 trains, and placed 597 girls in positions.

The headquarters are in Toronto where the Sisters undertake their postulancy and their novitiate. Here they also have in an adjoining house a hostel, have provided over 10,000 beds, visited 330 sick cases in hospital, and found employment for 706 girls.

Further west there is a hostel in Winnipeg, a branch at Camp Morton, a house at Edmonton, and one at Regina, and in 1930 for the first time a hostel was opened at Vancouver.

These hostels serve as a center for the Catholic girls and women in the towns who are strangers, and also for those living outside who occasionally come in and are given a bed. They act as a club for girls doing domestic service, and also have another function to perform. Foreign girls arriving in these cities found they knew no men, and saw little opportunity of getting married. Sometimes they met Protestants and married them; sometimes worse things happened. Finally the Sisters decided to give dances in the hostels regularly each week and to invite to them all the Catholic young men, immigrants and others, they knew of in the neighborhood. This has been a great success, and now in nearly every big town in Canada these young men, if approved, can go to the Sisters of Service almost any evening and join the girls there for evening prayer, and to dance or play the gramophone or cards or any other game—well chaperoned by the Sisters. This means a great deal to both boys and girls when they are alone so far from their own country, and is responsible already for many marriages.

Another great advance by the Sisters of Service has been in their correspondence course of Catechism. It is naturally impossible to get at all the families in the West personally and the Sisters decided to start teaching the children in inaccessible spots by post. For this purpose they have made the Edmonton hostel their headquarters.

An amusing tale is told of the Sisters' experience. For a long time they had been teaching what seemed a rather bright child by post for over a year. His handwriting was cramped, but his answers seemed good and intelligent. After another year's correspondence, they came to the conclusion he must be about fifteen or sixteen, and they wrote to ask him, now that he was growing up, what he would do to earn a living. The answer nonplussed them. He informed them he was between fifty and sixty years of age. He had seen this correspondence with children of neighbors and, having once been a Catholic himself, he rather wanted to learn some more about the religion before deciding to come back to practise it. He had now decided to become a practising Catholic again.

This is not the only elderly correspondent they have. Many foreigners and many lapsed Catholics, as well as interested Protestants and non-believers, take the course and keep the Sisters at Edmonton and elsewhere busy.

From all the Western hostels, the Sisters move out in the summer months and travel across British Columbia and the prairie provinces. They put up where they can for the night, and they will sometimes stay a fortnight or three weeks in an outlying village, teaching and doing social work.

They wear a gray nurse's uniform with small nurse's cap, white cuffs, and white turned-down collars, with a plain cross hanging down in front. This simple uniform enables them to pass through many doors and teach in many places where somebody dressed as a nun would

cause or start an alarm. They can be seen teaching in many a school in Alberta and Manitoba, and some schools they run entirely themselves.

Lastly they have started cottage hospitals and have two actively working in Alberta, at Edson and at Vilna, the latter about 115 miles northeast of Edmonton. At Vilna in 1929-30 they admitted 262 patients, and in the hospital there were thirty-nine births. At Edson they admitted 395 patients and there were fifty-sixth births.

It needs little imagination to realize how, in these far-away spots, especially in the cold winter months, such hospitals and such care as the Sisters can give must gladden the hearts of the inhabitants, and it needs little imagination to realize what hard work, and sometimes suffering, it entails on the Sisters themselves. They never seem to be discouraged. I have met them alone in their hostels. I have met them teaching in faraway schools, thirty miles from the nearest station. I have met them surrounded by girls, organizing a bazaar to try to defray the cost of the rent of the hostel, and I have met them at the ships in the early morning and late at night, always cheerful, always hopeful. They long to have a branch in England because with their experience of Canadian life, they see the mistakes and misfits that come out, and when they see them it is too late. Many of them are themselves Hungarians, Poles, or other foreigners. They therefore can speak the language of the immigrants, and often teach them English.

We must all hope that the Sisters will go on increasing in numbers; that is, if the vast army of Central-European Catholics today in Western Canada without priest or religion are to be won back to, or held in, the Faith in which they were brought up.

UNAROUSSED

*His cenotaph,
Whose avatars
Of words and stars
Have come to chaff:*

No vision now
May challenge eyes
Where Shelley lies
With heedless brow;

Nor echoes brave
The silence, deep
As music's sleep,
In Wagner's grave.

No forms defy
Canova's thumb;
And one, being dumb
In all but sigh,

Partakes of wrong
With them the while
Euterpe's smile
Dares not his song.

*The epitaph
He holds in trust
Whose words are dust,
Whose stars are chaff.*

FRANCIS CARLIN.

Back of Business

UP to August 31, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had loaned over a billion dollars. The principal beneficiaries were 4,324 banks, which obtained \$785,000,000; railroads, \$227,000,000; and mortgage-loan as well as building-and-loan associations to the extent of \$163,000,000. Meanwhile, it is reported that credits are flowing more easily and that current financing works more smoothly. There may be cause for great joy in this. Admittedly, the R. F. C. can point to certain achievements: it has largely stopped bank failures; it has facilitated credits; it has restored a certain amount of confidence among producers and independent business men.

And yet, I believe there will be a time in the near future when we will have reason to regret what looks so promising today. The R. F. C. granted loans where they were needed without asking embarrassing questions. The Corporation was not and is not a charity organization; it is a Government-controlled financial institute. And because of its financial character, it has to follow the same principles which guide other bankers and financiers: it lends money for "productive" purposes only.

However, it is timely to remember the economic principles which brought about such trying times for millions of families. It is, really, only one principle, that of profit. We know that more and more billions were forced into production, into mines, factories, railroads, buildings, etc., not to provide better for our needs, but to earn a profit on the money that was left over after we paid our bills. And only in production is there a profit, hence the enormous inflation of industry.

A constructive program (toward prosperity) would have been to restrict this excessive financing of an excessive industrial apparatus. In fact, depression itself works automatically toward such a goal. If things are left alone, industry and other productive branches undergo a process of shrinkage which before long balances the capacity of the producer with that of the consumer.

In this light, the organization of the R. F. C. was misconceived. As we may now see rather clearly, its very achievement will soon turn out a source of failure. It has prevented the necessary amount of industrial shrinkage; its loans place a premium on production; its liberal credit policy stands in the way of a thorough overhauling of our banking as well as our railroad system. In other words, instead of organizing future prosperity soundly, we insist on traveling the "road back."

Obviously, if we put a premium on production, we have to place another one on consumption, for the former depends on the latter. Logically developing the activity of the R. F. C., we ought to have, then, a huge inflation of credit so that everybody can buy without much money of his own. Another alternative would be currency inflation, and a third one a premature industrial collapse. Strange to say, the latter would be the least evil of the three.

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD.

Economics

Recovery When?

IRVING A. J. LAWRES

EVERY one is ready to believe that the depression is over. But is it?

One of the causes of the present malady is the condition of the railroads. The Broadway Limited, the crack train of the road which "carries more passengers and hauls more freight than any other railroad in America," pulled into Chicago on a recent day with eleven passengers. Freight car loadings are in a similar condition. Consequently, railroad securities are depressed to almost bankruptcy prices. They are paying no dividends, and cannot meet their fixed charges. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation is lending the roads money to meet interest, but how is this to be paid back? Such loans, future interest, maturities, and dividends can only be paid out of profits. What are the possibilities of those profits? And why is it important that profits be made in order to pay dividends in addition to meeting fixed charges and maturing bond issues?

Billions of dollars are invested in the railroads of the country. The bonds are held by banks, insurance companies, and building-and-loan associations, the key financial institutions of the country. The investments are carried on the books of these institutions, not at their present value but at some fictitious value as of 1929, 1930, or 1931. They pay no interest. If the value of these securities is permanently impaired, the financial structure of the country will be seriously weakened and a large part of the national wealth will have been wiped out. Can permanent prosperity or a sudden prosperity materialize if this condition obtains?

Only profitable operation can restore the railroads to a position enabling them to pay their debts and declare dividends. What is the apparent prospect of such profits? No one doubts that with returning business the gross income of the roads will be greater than at present, but can it ever reach the record of the 1920's?

Last August, Captain James G. Haizlip flew from Los Angeles to Brooklyn in ten hours. He predicted that it could soon be done in eight hours. Two hours take us from New York to Cleveland, less than three hours to Chicago. The fastest extra-fare train requires six times as long. Scheduled planes are now flying the New York-Chicago route in about seven hours. One can fly from New York to Los Angeles for \$160, or \$288 round trip. Leaving New York at 8.40 a. m., one arrives the next evening in Los Angeles at 9.53, after an overnight stop at Kansas City. The regular round-trip railroad fare plus Pullman is \$1.21 less than the air cost, but meals for five days must be added (perhaps \$15 to \$20) and if the fastest train is chosen there is a \$10 extra fare to Chicago. Thus it is possible to fly to California and back for about \$25 less than the cost of the best train ride and in less than half the time.

The automobile rendered the occupation of harness

maker almost extinct. Will the airplane, bus, privately owned car, and heavy truck deal a permanent blow to the railroads? As planes become safer, fly oftener, and as the public becomes definitely air minded, more and more travelers will use the air instead of the rails. Persons who are less well-fixed financially can travel by bus. It requires more time but is less expensive than the train. The round-trip railroad fare New York to Chicago is \$65.40 without Pullman. Bus fare is \$24 to \$30 round trip. Non-extra-fare trains take twenty-one to twenty-eight hours; the bus thirty-three and a half to thirty-eight.

With the wealthier classes being carried by plane, the more economical by bus, company salesmen in private automobiles, and thousands of tons of freight in trucks with trailers, what possibility have the railroads of recovering their lost prestige? The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Waterway and a more efficient Mississippi were not designed to help the situation. Yet when the railroads were built the planning scale did not take into account these newer competing means of transportation.

Mere optimism will not cure the railroad situation, nor will it cure the complicated international mess. It is possible that foreign trade of five or seven billion dollars may mean the difference between profit and no profit to our great manufacturing structure. If we do not regain our foreign trade, then a good share of our plant investment, the fixed assets, the factories built to make more goods than this country can consume, must be written off the ledgers as a loss. These fixed assets are represented in marketable stocks and bonds and are the collateral behind the bonds.

Foreign trade is impossible without a clearing of the foreign political and financial clouds. The Lausanne Conference ended with high hopes for the future. Reparations were ended. Consequently, so the deduction went, War debts must soon be canceled. "A new generation is growing up in Europe," reads the argument, "young men who had no part in the War or its causes will not longer bear an intolerable yoke which grew out of that War, a burden blighting their entire future. The War debts must be canceled."

Yet there is no assurance that foreign trade will follow from canceling debts. Of only one thing are we sure. If the debts are canceled, they will be transferred to the shoulders of a new generation in America grown up since the War, having had even less part in that War and its causes than their European cousins.

There were nearly a dozen revolutions in Latin America last year and all were successful but the one in Cuba. Several are in process now. The near-East problem is not settled, nor hardly begun. Italy and France are competing for the financial control of the Balkans. France is trying to stave off a natural, economic, and cultural union, "Anschluss," of Austria and Germany. The German Chancellor criticised the Weimar Constitution on the twelfth birthday of the Republic—a Republic that is apt to collapse at any moment. Spain's new Government is insecure. England was unable to arrive at satisfactory

trade agreements with her own colonies at Ottawa, and then ended the Conference with a burst of applause and presentation of silver platters. Russia!

What hope is there for a stable American foreign trade with the world in such a turmoil? What guaranty of payment would the American manufacturer have? Even if the rest of the world were politically stable, reprisals to the sky-high Republican tariff (which was passed with the help of the Democrats) would render exporting on a large scale impossible. Yet part of our pre-depression prosperity was due to our ability to market our surplus abroad.

Part of the current optimism is due to the rise of securities, part to the advance of commodity prices. Wall Street appears to be agreed that the market improvement is unjustified in view of corporation earnings, and consequently a sharp reaction may occur. Optimism may justify some of the market rise, since pessimism was responsible for some of the unjustified low levels, but if the market continues to advance on optimism alone, it will be repeating its catastrophic error of 1928-29.

The advance of commodity prices only reduces purchasing power unless there is a concurrent increase of income. The income from securities shows no improvement. In fact, some concerns like Swift and Company have waited until the present to pass dividends. There is surely no improvement in wages as yet. As Howard Scott, Director of the Technocracy at Columbia University, said at the end of August, salaries decreased 6.3 per cent July over June, total employees fell off three per cent, but commodities increased three per cent. When these fundamentals are considered dispassionately, it is hard to see why they should be the source of unbounded optimism.

The rise of commodity prices can contribute something to improve conditions by stimulating purchasing. So long as prices continue to drop, the manufacturer and consumer hesitate to fill even current needs for fear the prices will be still lower next week. With prices suddenly rising, a great impetus is given to buying, which should mean increased production and, ultimately, more employment.

Commodity-price increases may move the ball off dead center and start it rolling. They can rise only so far, however, before causing further hardships, for in the last analysis they mean increased cost of living. Salaries and wages must rise proportionately. Thus far, wages seem to be still decreasing. Even if wages soon begin to advance, which is doubtful, it is not likely that they will increase as fast as prices. The future plight of the American worker, therefore, is not too promising.

One of the accepted causes of the present depression is the unequal distribution of wealth. The great economic problem is not overproduction but underconsumption. Unless the worker in the future is given a fairer share of the profits, when and if these appear, we will see history repeating itself.

Before any genuine recovery can take place, certain fundamental ills of American industry must be cured. The

case of the railroads was cited as an example. The politico-international situation must be settled before American trade to foreign countries can reach any volume. This market for our surplus goods will be unavailable if we continue to exclude European goods from our shores on the plea of protecting the American worker. The worker himself must be given a fairer share of corporation profits than he has in the past, or underconsumption will continue indefinitely.

Education

The Sub-Normal Child Again

SISTER M. VERONICA

"PLEASE, Sister, tell me what to do about my boy. He is twelve years old and he has never got out of the first grade. He stayed there till the children began calling him 'the first-grade baby' and made life so miserable for him that I did not have the heart to insist on his going back. The public-school officials tell me I am justified in keeping him at home, but they offer no suggestion as to educating him otherwise. A distinguished Catholic psychiatrist found the boy much improved in a second examination several years after the first, but even he does not tell me what to do about making Dan self-supporting. If father and I were sure of living indefinitely and caring for our afflicted child, it would not matter so much whether or not he was of any use in helping himself, but neither of us knows what the future holds for us and we hate to leave Dan utterly unprovided for. Do you know of any school—under Catholic auspices, I mean—where he could be studied and any aptitude he has found and developed?"

"There are few places of the kind you mention to be found. Some years ago, I discovered three, and all of them had a long waiting list. Besides, they are rather high in price because they are private ventures, and some of them cater only to girls. I don't know how to help you with your problem."

"But why haven't we as Catholics taken care of this class of children, educationally, I mean? They are surely worth saving, since the Creator thought them worth creating."

"Probably one reason is that we haven't got to them yet. It has been such up-hill work providing for the normal children, the majority, of course, that there has been little chance to care for the minority. Then we are not a unit on the question. Some educators maintain that there are not enough such children to justify the founding of special schools. Others claim that they are better taken care of in regular classes and among normal children, that putting them together lowers the scale for all. Another thing that militates against special schools for sub-normals is the difficulty of getting teachers trained for this kind of work, and possessing all the qualities that are needed for success. Teachers are not made to order, you know. Perhaps the greatest obstacle to be encountered is that parents object to having their children put

in special classes. 'My boy is just as bright as Mrs. So-and-So's boy and he'll go in the same class.' And go he does, even though it spoils the child's life. So much for foolish pride!"

"Yes, I know that there are such parents and that teachers do not come ready made, but then mothers don't either, and they manage to educate themselves for almost every kind of a task. I can't see why there are not enough women 'with the milk of human kindness' in them to do something for these unfortunate little ones. It surely is a charity, and moreover it is a patriotic duty to save the taxpayers the necessity of providing asylums and penal institutions—but maybe the State would rather have these places than schools. No matter what is said, I know these morons are the tools of unscrupulous leaders in every gang in the country. They do the dirty work, some kink in their brains makes them clever along such lines, and once the leader gets hold of them, they are never free again, partly no doubt through fear and partly because they have found something they can do really well and delight in doing it. Do the regular schools try to do anything for this kind of child?"

"Yes, some schools have special classes for misfits, and very good work is done in them. One trouble is the lack of trained teachers, another is that only a few subjects can be taught, since there is nothing in the line of manual training in our schools. An attempt is made to help a child to make up work he has fallen behind in for some reason, but that is about all."

"Well, I am sure something could be done for Dan. He has a wonderful memory and I have taught him to do a few things well. He mows a lawn perfectly, if I am there to praise and keep him at it, and no doubt there are other things a more experienced person could get him to do. I don't want to put my boy where he will lose more in religion and morality than he will gain otherwise. Surely in big cities there must be enough such children to justify the effort to provide for them specially. Don't you think so, Sister?"

"It has been said that 'no school system will ever be normal until we have a central school for the super-normal children' and there is justice in this, for from this class we get our leaders, though Page does say something to the effect that it is not the prize pupils in the schools that eventually do the world's work. The fact of the super-normals being specially cared for argues a hope for the less-gifted folks, for once the segregation begins, it must, I think, be followed to a logical conclusion. If we legislate for the bright pupil on the ground of his usefulness to society, we must in all justice do as much to safeguard society from the defective, and in so doing care for the individual, too. Dr. Moore claims it is not a question of finances. Perhaps not, but the finances do figure in the scheme. However, if the money spent on sending boys and girls to college, regardless of ability, were spent on the class of children we are considering, it would solve the problem right off. Besides, it is probably as cheap to build and maintain schools as it is to keep other institutions, and it shows poor taste to prefer

the other institutions to schools. Many of these children are 'hand-minded,' not mental defectives, and as such should receive an education. One of the western States has a slogan 'no child must be permitted to fail.' In pursuance of this program, as soon as a child begins to slow up, he is taken in hand and a thorough investigation of parents, home, and school life and everything pertaining to him is made. The process is kept up until his case is solved. It is safe to say this State will have few if any sub-normal adults to be a public problem in the future. Every child needs to be kept busy, and he can be kept busy only when he is interested and happy in the work given him to do. Miss Cran, an authority on the sub-normal child, in an article found in *AMERICA* some years ago, said, 'Take your sub-normal young enough to train him to like work, put him where he competes with his own level in mentality, and the special school instead of being a stigma is a blessing, because he does not become discouraged.'

"All you say is true, Sister. Dr. Moore says we let the morons marry as they will, and bring others like themselves in the world. I saw an example of this at a Christmas entertainment last year. There were present two of the most forlorn little boys I have ever seen. They were temporary inmates of the place, and the Sister in charge told me the parents were morons of the poorest type, as were these two children; also that another was to be added to the family soon and that all were dependent upon State bounty."

"And in all probability that man could do something useful and do it well if he had been given a chance at hand-work of some kind. To quote Angelo Patri, 'Education does not lie in text-books. A great part of it is found outside of them and can never be found inside their covers. The great educational forces are people and experiences and the relation between them, and the best way for the child to know these is through his hands. Hands have lifted man from the foot-beaten trail to the high-powered motor road. Hands have made us secure of what little we want in the world.'"

"That savors of common sense, and if we will only preach it loud and long enough, my Dan and others like him may get a degree in hand-work, for with the super-normals and the medium-normals despising what my grandmother used to call 'manual-labor work,' there will be no one else to do it. Credits and degrees do not *always* spell education or indicate intellectuality, and few of us are so superior that we can ignore the less-gifted members of the clan."

SYMBOLS

Magnolias in a city mart
Displayed beside the subtlety
Of purple orchids, stab the heart
Of one whose half-closed eyes see

Not flowers of unearthly white;
But in the mind's elusive stream,
A land of gold and malachite
Enhanced with glamor, like a dream.

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

Without Scrip or Staff

THAT Governor Beverley's report on Puerto Rico should have been published on Monday morning and that the Tuesday afternoon papers should carry the report of a hurricane which devastated Puerto Rico is purely coincidental, but ironic. The Governor complained to Secretary Hurley that the population of the island was too large for the area. The hurricane burst down on the area and passed on, leaving nearly 300 dead and more than 1,000 injured. This was not one of the solutions of the overpopulation problem suggested by Governor Beverley; he thought only of emigration and a decrease in the birth rate. When he took office a year ago, he said, though not in exact terms, that he wanted fewer baby Puerto Ricans to be ushered into the island during his term of office. More babies meant more poverty; more children meant lower living conditions; therefore, Governor Beverley cleverly concluded that the end justified any means.

All things considered, he would probably welcome the news from France, published about the time of his own report, that marriages this year were fewer, that births were considerably curtailed, and avoided, and that divorces were increasing uncommonly well. He would have been overjoyed, if it happened in Puerto Rico as in France, that deaths mounted up quite high, and that the rate of excess of births over deaths was cut down by quite a lot. That is the sort of vital statistics he would seemingly wish to have for the island he governs.

He could also seek a model for his island from the figures recently issued about the United States, our most civilized country. These statistics were brought up to the date of 1930; in that year, the population was happily decreasing at the rate of one fifth of one per 1,000 per annum. Fecundity and mortality had practically reached the point of equilibrium. That is the ideal of the birth controllers, as an increasing population is their nightmare. Less fecundity, more mortality. If they were logical they would speed plans to kill off the excess of those living as they have already taken practical means to exterminate the components of those about to live. The former plan for a stable population is no more heinous than the latter.

AGAINST fecundity stands Mrs. M. S. Slee, as she was known when she traveled in Italy last month. Mrs. Sanger, according to a newspaper note, is generally to be understood to be barred from Italy because Premier Mussolini does not wish her to be the executrix of the fate of baby Italians. When in Italy she is Mrs. Slee; since that is her real name, she is herself in Italy and Mrs. Sanger in the United States. She would undoubtedly like to have plunged into the state of affairs in Italy and plugged up the entrances into the world. But Mussolini put up the barriers against her, as she is trying to do in her special vocation of preventing immigration by the means God invented. Mrs. Sanger reported that there

was "an underground movement bringing down the death rate in Italy despite bachelor's taxes and the like." The Anchorite begs of his readers to enlighten him as to the exact meaning of that quotation, and its implications.

Paradoxical as it may seem, Mrs. Sanger is a woman of very few words. She talks volubly, when out of Italy. She makes interminable speeches. But she knows only a few words, due, doubtless, to the fact that too many babies prevented her from becoming educated and, as a consequence, made her sick of too many babies. Among the few words in her vocabulary is *medieval*. She loves to close her lips on its beginning and to open her mouth on its ending. She included it, as she usually does in every public utterance, in the telegram which she sent to President Hoover on October 9.

After Governor Beverley issued his report on Puerto Rico, the National Catholic Alumni Federation issued a protest to his birth-control recommendations. Mrs. Sanger is in no wise as much afraid of the N. C. A. F. or of President Hoover as she is of Premier Mussolini. She does not have to be Mrs. Slee to them. In plain language she calls their protest "arrogant interference." She accuses them of trying "to intimidate public officials who dare to present such facts when these are contrary to medieval theology." There is only one reason in the world why Mrs. Sanger should have used that word *medieval* in conjunction with theology; that one reason is simply because she knows the word, though she evidently does not understand its meaning very well. The "facts" are contrary not only to medieval theology: they are vilely contrary to contemporary theology as well as to the theology of the Christian Church in every century and every period. They are contrary to Christ's theology. They are contrary to the Old Testament theology, the Davidic, and the Mosaic. But she will cling tenaciously to medieval. She has four or five other words in her fighting vocabulary, but they are all as meaningless as her medieval.

ACCORDING to Jesuit Donnelly in last week's issue of AMERICA, "the end does *not* justify the means." The printer did not make a mistake; that is what the Jesuit actually wrote, though many may be amazed. Some musty professor, or some agile journalist, writing a magazine article or a book, may discover it and may repeat it, may even quote it as a Jesuit doctrine. It may gradually work itself into the new editions of the encyclopedias and be copied from them into the college text-books. Who knows but that this momentous assertion will become historic, but that it will be quoted for centuries to come. Fifty or a hundred years from now, imagine the consternation that may be caused by some learned authority who will dare to state boldly: "The Jesuits teach and believe that the end does *not* justify the means (cf. AMERICA. Vol. XLVIII. p. 33.)."

Other learned authorities will cry out in amazement against the falsehood. They will rush madly to the library in order to refute the prodigious assertion. At first they may be genuinely puzzled when they find difficulty in securing arguments in favor of, and quotations in proof

of, the theory accepted by all the recognized scholars, that the Jesuits *do* teach that the end justifies the means. Finally, there will come a day when one of the most brilliant intellects of the country will publish a monograph that will settle, once and for all, the question whether or not there is to be placed a "not" in the sentence.

If he is an honest thinker, and if he is a diligent research worker, he will decide that every Jesuit who ever taught, who ever wrote, who ever lived, asserted the principle and acted on the principle that the end does *not* justify the means. In an appendix he will add that some unknown individual who did not understand Latin mis-translated a phrase in a moral-theology book, and that thus the Jesuits were credited with a principle that was acted upon strongly by their enemies.

IT would not be fair to condemn a sincere, honest Congregational Minister of the present day for the errors invented by Calvin. The poor Minister simply preaches what has been preached to him. He is so firmly bound by his heredity or his environment or his lack of intelligence or some other disability that he cannot possibly, without a compellingly great Grace from God, progress from his Congregational error to the truth of Christ's Church.

There are some Congregationalists who live a God-fearing life and follow the dictates of their consciences courageously. Some of them, too, regularly attend services on Sunday and some of them sing hymns as if they really meant to honor God thereby. Not all Congregationalists must be accused of bad faith in their religious professions; quite a few of them would become Catholics if they only understood the teaching of Christ more clearly. Simply because a person is a Congregationalist does not mean that he is a sour-looking Puritan; it does not prove that he is, necessarily, stupid or vain or uncharitable.

If a Congregationalist Minister writes the following choice bit in the October 6 issue of the official weekly, the *Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty* continuing the *Recorder*, the *Advance*, and the *American Missionary*, all Congregationalist Ministers must not be judged harshly or humorously; due allowance, even, may be made for the writer himself, who is merely an Associate Editor, like the Anchorite. The Rev. Mr. Scotford thus pleads for a more tolerant attitude:

Just as it is impossible to indict a nation, so is it exceedingly difficult to make a statement which will be true of all Jews, all Catholics, all Negroes. We cannot even say that the colored race is all black—for they are not. The writer knows at least one red-headed rabbi, and several broad-minded and intelligent Catholics. The root request which the unpopular groups ask of us is that we drop out of our vocabulary the word "all" as applied to them and judge them as we do our friends and kinsfolk—as individuals.

Jews and Negroes and Catholics deeply appreciate this earnest plea in their behalf by the Rev. Mr. Scotford. If the handful of Congregationalists in the United States heed the Minister's words, the lot of these depressed, almost untouchable, classes will be tremendously alleviated. It is heartening for the 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States to know there is one Congregationalist Minister to say a kind word for *some* of them. THE ANCHORET.

Literature

Catholicism Inspires Art

THEODORE MAYNARD

THE question of the relation of the Church to the arts is a somewhat complicated one. The most casual observer has noticed that out of Catholicism has sprung some of the loveliest and noblest of the creations of the human spirit, in architecture, in painting, in music, and in poetry.

Art, however, is not specifically a Catholic thing, though I think we may say that it is essentially a religious thing—a means of expressing the hunger of the human spirit for the Divine; and it is not less so when the artist is not consciously concerned with a definite religious idea. But as a religious enthusiasm is the most sublime passion man can experience, we generally find that the greatest works of art have a religious motive.

Works performed to celebrate personal or even national glory have something cheap about them when they are set beside those in which the mind of the artist was aflame with the glory of God. We need only to look at the temples of Egypt, Greece, and India to be convinced of that fact. The splendor of Solomon's temple, like the splendor of the architecture of Islam at its prime, shows that religious conviction and adoration inspire art as nothing else can. A secular attitude, on the other hand, tends to impoverish art, however much during its initial period (and for this we have the example of the Renaissance) the artist may be stimulated by his sense of new freedom.

The most hostile critic of Catholicism is abashed by the achievements of Catholic art. During the eighteenth century there was a disposition to dispose of everything medieval as "Gothic"—by which was meant barbarous; but our century has witnessed a reaction in which the most beautiful creations of Catholicism have had the kind of false appreciation given to them that attempts to separate the flower from the root, that ignores the religious inspiration of this art. In Washington they are now erecting a Gothic cathedral which consists of a veneer of stone over steel and brick. The thing is imitative, and therefore dead from the start, despite all its careful incidental scholarship. It is instructive to note, however, that what is being imitated, and what alone is worth imitating, is the inspired, infinitely varied, infinitely audacious work of men whose very names have passed away, but whose religious ecstasy still soars in stone above our heads.

Not only in architecture is this true. We have seen a great revival of interest in Plain Chant on the one hand and in the music of Palestrina on the other. That is all to the good, even if little first-rate creative work is at present being done in this field. The greatest paintings are religious, from Fra Angelico to Raphael; the greatest sculptures are those of Michelangelo who, though he learned much from Greek art (as the Church has adapted to her purpose Greek philosophy), derives his passion from Catholicism.

The acknowledged glories of Catholic art have very

often led men to account for the conversion of cultivated people of artistic tastes on the ground that their esthetic sensibilities have overcome their reason. I do not think the explanation is sound, though undoubtedly a few men such as Huysmans have had their first impulse to Catholicism from Catholic art. And why should not men who understand that great art can spring only from intense thought and feeling, why should not such men say: "An art so sublime can be the product of nothing less than a sublime religion"? And having asked that question, they might well go on to investigate such a religion.

Unluckily, the Catholic Church today can offer few inducements of this sort to the prospective convert, and least of all in America. What we have done in the past is there for anybody to see; but what we are doing today gives us little cause for pride. The Mass, the inspiration of art, remains; but the art itself has largely vanished. And perhaps God has permitted this in order that we should value the Mass for its own sake, though if we do come to value it sufficiently a great art will arise around it. Then beautiful shrines will be built in its service, great pictures painted, great statues carved, magnificent music sung again. And none of these will be mere archeological renderings of the past. It may well be that God suffers our stucco churches, and, still worse, our expensive display, and our liturgical obtuseness, and our choirs who should have their throats cut singing tawdry hymns to wretched music, and our gaudy statuary merely as a kind of fallow period from which shall follow a renewal of Catholic art that will bring home to us, in new forms, the heart-shattering significance of the Catholic Faith.

But it is impossible here to discuss the question of Catholic art as a whole, though it is equally impossible for me to separate it from the question of Catholic literature. For here again we have the same story. The Catholic intellect burns in the writings of St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and St. Thomas Aquinas. And the thinking of all these men, and of others I might mention, is synthesized in what is unquestionably the most stupendous of the works of world literature, the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. There is little to be astonished at that Raphael placed the poet among the doctors of the Church in his famous painting "La Disputa."

I am far from suggesting that Dante's greatness consists in the extraordinary power and acuteness of his theology, though I think it might be urged that he proves his greatness by being able to transmute theology into poetry. And this is not (as some might suppose) because theology is unpoetical. On the contrary, as Patmore pointed out, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church are an almost inexhaustible mine of poetry, which has been almost completely neglected. But the neglect has occurred only because it requires gifts of stupendous order to mold a material that is harder than diamond. For theology calls for the most delicate precision of statement, the slightest under or overstatement being actual or potential heresy; whereas, poets who are prone to seek beautiful words and vague hints and suggestions, find theology as a rule altogether too much for them.

St. Thomas Aquinas, however, the greatest of theologians, has said that nothing is to be understood without imagination; and it is the audacity of his imagination as well as the exquisite precision of his thoughts that gives him his supreme place as an expositor of Catholic doctrine. On every page of his "Summa Theologica" he shows not only an unparalleled dialectical skill but poetic insight. And his all too few poems prove that there is no conflict between theology and poetry.

There will of course never be another Dante. But Catholicism still produces great poets. To confine ourselves to English literature we have had in modern times Coventry Patmore, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Alice Meynell, Francis Thompson, and Gilbert Chesterton. If we have had also hundreds of pious rhymsters—though I must not be understood as suggesting by any means that all the Catholic poets except those whom I have named are to be included in that category—that is only because considerable poets are never to be found in dozens.

Since I have mentioned certain names with praise, I should in candor give an example of a bad Catholic poet—I do not mean a bad Catholic, but a bad poet. I mention him because he has been dead some time, and has gone to his reward (to which neither good poetry nor bad contributes anything), and because he is still largely read by Americans. I am thinking of Father Abram Ryan, who is indeed tolerable when he writes his rough soldierly verses in celebration of the Confederate cause with which he identified himself but who, when he touches upon religion, invariably reeks with sentimentality and false feeling. Were he not so much admired by the indiscriminating, we could afford to leave him in peace. But it is the duty of the critic to condemn his versifying severely.

To return to good poets. If Dante is the great theological poet, Francis Thompson is the great liturgical poet, and Patmore the great mystical poet. It is worth noting that where St. John of the Cross wrote poems in which he uses the imagery of human marriage to describe the relationship between God and the soul (poems which he made the basis of a line by line commentary in his famous mystical prose works), Patmore's poetry concerned itself with an exposition of the infinite series of parallels between human and divine love, the love between man and wife being, for him, not merely the symbol of, but the preparation for, the union of the human soul with God.

I have left myself hardly any space to deal with Catholic prose writers. Modern prose begins with Dryden (whose clear, vigorous mind accepted Catholicism). J. C. Squire, who is not a Catholic but is a man whose critical ability all the world admires, has expressed the opinion that the best writer of English prose since Dryden is Hilaire Belloc. Dixon Scott, one of the most independent and brilliant of recent critics, has gone on record as saying that Alice Meynell's essays are the high-water mark of English prose. And many would say that the most perfect English prose was that of Newman.

I am not at all concerned with trying to show that Catholic writers are better or worse than non-Catholics. The important thing to point out is this: that Catholicism

inspires writers, molds their minds, fires their hearts. There are indeed Protestants and unbelievers who write extremely well (over which fact we should rejoice). But there are hardly any examples throughout Protestant history—if we except Milton—of men who were inspired to write *because* they were Protestants, whereas the Church, as in the past, so today, is the propulsive force for literary art, and will, so we may believe, in the future achieve new triumphs of beauty in architecture, sculpture, painting, literature, and music.

REVIEWS

A Light of the Church in Kentucky. By the VERY REV. V. F. O'DANIEL, O.P. Washington: The Dominicans.

Until the publication of this biography, we knew very little about the Very Rev. Samuel Thomas Wilson, O.P., and a great part of what we thought we knew was wrong. More than a century ago, Kentucky was a center of Catholicism from which power went out through Tennessee to the South, and through many of the States of the Northwest Territory. The man to whom, under God, much of this power was due, Samuel Thomas Wilson, remained quietly at home in the house of the Order of Preachers. There were other great men in the Church in Kentucky at that time, and the names of Badin, the pioneer-priest of the Commonwealth, of Nerinckx and of Flaget, the first Bishop, are rightly held in veneration. But even the Saints have their faults, and in the controversies that have sometimes been referred to as "the troubles of Fathers Nerinckx and Badin with the early Dominicans," it was customary, until recently, to lay all the fault at the door of the Friars. But Father O'Daniel wrote a new page in history in his life of Bishop Fenwick, O.P., first Bishop of Cincinnati, published some years ago; he has been well advised in repeating it in the present volume. Wilson, an Englishman, had in an eminent degree the qualities of a great organizer. He was the first Provincial of a Religious Order in the United States, the founder of St. Thomas College, the first Catholic college west of the Alleghenies, a builder of churches, and a civic leader. Piety and learning distinguished his life, and the Provincial of the English Jesuits had his work in mind when he wrote, in 1824, a few months after Wilson's death, "The Dominicans are doing great things for the glory of God in Kentucky, on the Ohio, etc. Let us emulate their example and renew the zeal of our forefathers." Father O'Daniel's latest book is a welcome addition to the deplorably few biographies of our Catholic pioneers. Can he not give us a revised edition of Webb's "Centenary"?

P. L. B.

Abbot Columba Marmion. 1858-1923. By DOM RAYMUND THIBAUT. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$5.00.

Those who have relished the magnificent collection of conferences by the learned and deeply spiritual Benedictine Abbot of Maredsous will welcome this scholarly life, a detailed and beautiful pen picture of his soul. The author modestly looks upon his work not as a biography in the strict sense, but intends it as an essay in biographical setting, unfolding in the clear light of documents, the bend of the spiritual ascent of him who spoke so marvelously on our Saviour's Sacred Humanity. The three volumes published, "Christ the Life of the Soul," "Christ in His Mysteries," and "Christ the Ideal of the Monk," could not have been written except by one who had first lived them. They are the echoes of an intense inner life. The portrait of that inner life is masterly and has the unique merit of a sympathetic interpretation of the Abbot's written word, found principally in his letters which are like a clear mirror reflecting his interior spirit. He possessed an unusually keen and lucid intellect, steeped in the light of faith, a frankness and simplicity of character, an open heart, and more than ordinary sensibility. Warm and faithful in his affections, he was ever ready to set you at ease by the gladness of his welcome.

Irish on the side of his father, and French on that of his mother, he possessed a diversity of qualities which gave a rare complexity to his character. With deep humility, disinterestedness, and noble forgetfulness of self, he felt the need of giving himself absolutely to God and of drawing others to that same unreserved consecration. This excellent biography, crowned by the French Academy, is a worthy tribute to his truly apostolic spirit. E. T. S.

Creative Religious Literature. By ARTHUR J. CULLER. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The wealth of ancient pagan literature now accessible offers a suggestive field of comparison to students of Israel's sacred writings, and it would seem especially apt that a comparative method should enter into any merely literary appreciation of the Bible. However, in this department of Scriptural study as in others, comparison itself may be perverted. Emphasis on every superficial likeness between the Old Testament and other ancient writings, allied with persistent indifference to the radical and arresting contrasts between them, reveals a thoroughly unscientific bias concerning the true character of the Bible. And this same bias is the ruin of literary appreciation. A correct grasp of the artist's mind and purpose is an essential factor in any adequate appraisal of his art. His degree of success in achieving his aim is the only measure of his artistic power. If a critic, discussing a painting of some majestic forest, knew only how to praise its masterly portraiture of a cabbage patch, his ability might be expended on an easier task, but not on the actual task in hand. Of the many passages selected for comment, the English translations (whether borrowed with due acknowledgment, or whether the author's own) are apt enough on the whole, and serve to exhibit the figures, word plays, and other devices which supply the literary technique of the Hebrew writers. But all of these are plunged in bathos when made to clothe a swarm of fancies scarce even a travesty of the majestic faith of ancient Israel. The indispensable term of comparison is beyond Dr. Culler's mental horizon. One has known Catholics who would deliver their own children to Biblical tuition by Protestant teachers, so long as they were assured that the Bible was "studied merely as a great literature." The futility of this pretext and the faith-blasting propaganda that hides behind it are more than evident from examples of the kind before us.

W. H. McC.

Judaism in the Greek Period. By CANON G. H. BOX. New York: Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

This is the fifth volume of the Old Testament in "The Clarendon Bible," of which Canon Box is one of the general editors. The book covers the period from the rise of Alexander the Great to the intervention of Rome (333 to 63 B.C.). The general preface disclaims the purpose of setting out the latest notions of radical critics or of describing the exact position of current controversies among the critics, but it presents the aim of the series as being a constructive view of the books of the Bible and their teaching, in the light of their historical setting and with a hearty welcome for results, as to which there is a large measure of agreement among scholars. Who these scholars are is quite evident from the present volume; the Wellhausen theory on the Pentateuch is welcomed, as well as the rejection of inspiration in any true sense and the implicit denial of the possibility of genuine prophecy. For the readers to which this series is addressed—not only the Protestant clergy and the general public, but also the elder pupils in public schools—such a reconstruction can serve only as propaganda for radicalism in the interpretation of Scripture. Even if mere reason were the only guide in such studies, fairness would demand that the position of eminent Catholic scholars should receive careful consideration. At the root of the Wellhausen theory lies the supposition that the idea of the One Supreme God must have evolved out of a previous state of polytheism; the fact that the comparatively poorly civilized Jews were the only nation to achieve such an evolution has always been irritating to the critics. In the

Macchabean period, as in earlier ages, Jewish monotheism was endangered by pagan influences, and a large part of the nation went over to the religious practices of their cultured neighbors. Here would seem to be a good example of man's natural tendency to evolve religiously, not upward to the pure concept of an All-Holy God but downward; Canon Box, however, does not feel called upon to stress an illustration that might open the door to an inquiry into the possible need of supernatural influences to raise man to the higher level and to keep him there. Within the limits imposed by such rationalistic dogmas and traditions, the book displays much erudition and careful workmanship. W. A.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Reminiscences.—London, according to Thomas Burke, is a "City of Encounters" (Little, Brown. \$2.50) where it is possible to meet people of every character, country, and eccentricity. Sketches of such encounters, together with imaginative impressions, fill this volume. Some readers will be particularly interested in the pages which concern that pride of cockneydom, Charlie Chaplin; and others will prefer those which gather reminiscences of contemporary literary figures. On page 98 Mr. Burke wonders what became of Henry Longan Stuart who wrote the single novel "Fenella," not knowing that, until his death in 1928, Mr. Stuart was on the editorial staff of the *Commonweal*. The author of "City of Encounters" is as ardent a Londoner as Dr. Johnson, and his sketch of the City is a miniature masterpiece: from years of close and loving association, he has caught the allusive atmosphere of the place and seems familiar with its every mood and charm. Mr. Burke knows how to write, but his philosophy is the sad and conventional philosophy of the day.

"The Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini" (Duffield and Green. \$3.50) may be a "classic" in the original Italian, and in Symons' version, but it is not so in this English translation. R. H. H. Cust, the translator, claims that his edition is "unparaphrased and unexpurgated," and that it embraces the first attempt of an artist to interpret the Memoirs. The illustrations in character and detail strongly resemble the forceful sketches of Hogarth. Despite these literary and artistic accuracies and ornaments, however, the story, of course, is morally unhealthy and intellectually vapid. The hero, if the principal character may so be labeled, is neither noble nor lovable. Intense selfishness and rowdy brawls furnish occasion for the episodes recounted. As a portrait of the social conditions of the time, the book has a certain historical value. Inspiration is absent; its stimulation is to evil rather than to good.

"Women Builders," by Sadie Iola Daniel (The Associated Publishers), gives sketches of seven outstanding Negro women who have contributed to the education of Negro youth in this country: Lucy Laney, Maggie Walker, Janie Porter Barrett, Mary McLeod Bethune, Nannie H. Burroughs, Charlotte Hawkins Brown, and Jane Edna Hunter. The lives of these women, all of them heroic in their character and incredible in their achievements against discouragement and obstacles, are told with an abundance of interesting human touches.

For the Spiritual Life.—A new devotional treatise on the Holy Eucharist, embodying solid instruction of a theological and even philosophical nature, is "The Sacrament of Life" (Herder. \$1.85), by Father James, O.M.Cap. In twenty-four brief chapters he develops the ideas of the Holy Eucharist as Sacrifice and Sacrament in its various aspects, points out its relations to the Passion and to suffering, shows how it is related to faith, hope, charity, and sanctity, and concludes with a graphic description of the influence of the Holy Eucharist in the life of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Those who have enjoyed Father Robert Eaton's "In Newness of Life" and "Sanctuary of Strength" will welcome his latest book, "The Sword of the Spirit: Chapters on the Spiritual Life" (Herder. \$1.35). For spiritual reading as well as for meditation, the twenty-two chapters will furnish refreshing thoughts and suggest many a fruitful reflection. Scriptural quotations give unction

to the author's writing and form a solid basis for his reasoning. "Discipline of the Feelings" and "Asking Questions of Our Lord" are two brief chapters that may be commended to many a devout though perhaps spiritually somewhat undisciplined soul.

The latest book, posthumously published, by Maurice Meschler, S.J., needs only to be announced to be welcomed. His "St. Joseph" (Herder, \$2.25) sets forth the Saint's first earthly mission, to look out for the life of Jesus Christ through infancy and boyhood; and the second mission, also on earth, to watch over that same life continuing in His Mystical Body, the Church. Layfolk, Religious, and parish priests should get this book to refresh and increase their knowledge and love of St. Joseph.

Valiants in God's Army.—The subject of the interesting biography, "Life of the Venerable Anne of Jesus, Companion of St. Teresa of Avila" (Herder, \$4.50), by a Sister of Notre Dame de Namur, was declared Venerable in 1878. On December 17, 1885, Pope Leo XIII signed the decree sanctioning the formal introduction of the Cause of her Beatification. While the volume is entitled "Venerable Anne of Jesus," it is really a history of the foundations of the Carmelite Order carried on after the death of St. Teresa. The Venerable Anne ambitioned a high spirituality, and from St. Teresa, her Novice Mistress, she learned the true spirit of a Carmelite nun. To perpetuate that spirit was the one aim of her life, and with what indomitable energy she carried out her purpose is interestingly told through the 300-odd pages of this volume. Through her efforts ten Carmelite monasteries were founded in five different countries. The author has done her work well, and in this volume has contributed a valuable study to the history of the Carmelite Order. A detailed index is a great satisfaction to the reader for reference work.

In the marvelous roll-call of God's saints, certain names possess the magic power of stirring our minds and enkindling our affections. Such a name is that of "St. Hugh of Lincoln" (Kenedy, \$1.90). The story of this saintly canon, the model Religious at the Grande Chartreuse, the pioneer Cistercian in England, and the gallant and stalwart, yet most gentle and lovable, Bishop of Lincoln, is told by Joseph Clayton. His life inspires us by its heroism and encourages us by the fact that though he trod a steep and craggy road, the royal road of strength and self-denial, that royal road lies not beyond the region of the possible for weak human nature. His life seems like a trumpet call to attack since he challenges the views and fashions of the world and reverses its verdicts. St. Hugh stands on a par with the greatest Christian heroes, preeminently a born saint, gentle and kind and self-sacrificing; but he is no less remarkable as an example of the strength and vigor that defies kings and emperors in the cause of justice and of truth.

Father Thomas D. Williams, by so abundantly using her writings, builds "The Story of Antoinette Margot" (John Murphy, \$1.50), so that she is the chief author of the biography. Born a Swiss Protestant, she becomes a Catholic, leaves France for America, fills her holy life with Catholic service, and dies in Washington, D. C., on December 28, 1925, in her eighty-second year. Her life, by her own words, was one "of boundless confidence in the Sovereign Shepherd of souls, Who takes care of us without our knowing when or how, and Who brings out of the least events of our lives results that make for our happiness and well being."

With that charm which the French know how to put into their stories for children, Henri Ghéon has written a short life of "St. Germaine of the Wolf Country" (Longmans, Green, \$1.00). And F. J. Sheed, who does the book into English, brings into his version much of that charm. Pope Pius IX canonized Germaine, the shepherd girl, in 1867.

Another instructive book from the pen of Alexandre Masseron is "Les Franciscains" (Paris: Grasset, 15 fr.). The first part of this volume is devoted to a vivid account of St. Francis of Assisi and the foundation and early days of his Order with a more

condensed history of the Franciscans from the thirteenth century up to the present time. The second section gives us a detailed description of the life, customs, and spirit of the Franciscans. Altogether this is a most orderly and enlightening book.

Songs of the Spirit.—With charming originality of treatment, and in clear, elegant "American English" informed with the magic of real poetry, Daniel Sargent sings, in his own way, the *canticum trium puerorum* from the third chapter of the Book of Daniel. In "The Song of Three Children" (St. Dominic's Press), this American poet has achieved a most beautiful religious hymn, full of the reverence and fervor due to a Scriptural theme, possessed of an authentic mystical quality, never frothy, and yet delightfully modern in music, metaphor, and imagery. The little volume comes from the press of Mr. Hilary Pepler, a distinguished member of the colony of Catholic Craftsmen at Ditchling, in Sussex, England; and he has given it a format worthy of what Daniel Sargent has written between its covers.

In "All My Youth" (Brentano's, \$2.00), Fredericka Blankner has endeavored to instill into her readers the love she feels for Italy. Her knowledge of Italy is first hand and hence authentic. In "Pagan Ascetic," one may readily find entertainment in the simple "Maiden Ladies" that so naively tells of their plight. It is here that we find out what loneliness is in "Definition." "Interim" displays an intense religious feeling, particularly when the author deals with prosaic things. It is in "Quest of God" that the author scales the heights of religious devotion. There is an individuality about this last section that holds the reader spellbound.

"Faithful Adelaide" (The Raven, St. Meinrad, Ind. 50 cents), by Henry Brenner, is the story of "Patient Grissel" found originally in Boccaccio and later in Chaucer. The poem is written in blank verse with an incidental rhyme scheme that lends it beauty and dignity. The treatment of this tale is sincere and impressive, the thought is beautiful and Catholic. While this story should certainly appeal to the student of literature, it should also find favor with the lover of verse.

The saga of the Findlays, the Pottses, and the Van Der Poels, all ancestors of the author, is told by Abbie Findlay Potts in "Kindred" (Macmillan, \$1.50). The poems are written either to individual members of the clan or to commemorate incidents in which they took part. While the book may be of interest to those who know the family or whose ancestry is similar to the author's, the general reader will find it tiring, diffuse, and prosy.

Books Received.—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

BEST PLAYS OF 1931-32, THE. Edited by Burns Mantle. \$3.00. Dodd, Mead.
BEYOND CONTROL, Rex Beach. \$2.00. Farrar and Rinehart.
CHILD'S MASS BOOK, A. Philothea. Ad-Vantage Press.
CONFLICTS OF PRINCIPLE. Abbott Lawrence Lowell. \$1.50. Harvard University Press.
CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. Isaac D'Israeli. \$3.00. Appleton.
DARK PLACES OF EDUCATION, THE. Dr. Willi Schohaus. \$2.75. Holt.
EDUCATION CHÉTIENNE DE LA PERSONNALITÉ. Abbé Jean Dermine. 20 fr. belges. Editions Chrétiennes.
FATHER MCSHANE OF MARYKNOLL. James Edward Walsh. \$1.00. Dial.
I GO TO CONFESSION. Sister M. Alphonsus, O.S.U. 20 cents. Benziger.
INTERPRETATIONS, 1931-1932. Walter Lippmann. \$2.50. Macmillan.
LIFE OF THE CHURCH, THE. Pierre Rousselot, S.J., L. de Grandmaison, S.J., V. Huby, S.J., Alexandre Brou, and M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., \$2.50. Dial.
PASTORAL PSYCHOLOGY. Karl R. Stolz. \$2.00. Cokesbury.
PRINCESS OF THE MOHAWKS, THE. Joseph P. Clancy. 35 cents. Catholic Dramatic Movement.
PUBILLUM. Fr. Athanasius, O.F.M. \$4.00. Franciscan Herald Press.
ROGUE RIVER RED. Joseph P. Clancy. 35 cents. Catholic Dramatic Movement.
SAINT ELIZABETH. Elisabeth von Schmidt-Pauli. Holt.
SAINT VINCENT DE PAUL. Rev. Joseph Leonard, C.M. \$2.00. Kenedy.
SHADOW FLIES, THE. Rose Macaulay. \$2.50. Harper.
TALE OF TROY, A. John Masefield. \$1.50. Macmillan.
THIRTY MILLION. Martin J. Heymans. 25 cents. Catholic Dramatic Movement.
TWO-PACK GAMES OF SOLITAIRE. George A. Bonaventure. \$1.50. Duffield and Green.
UNICORN WITH SILVER SHOES, THE. Ella Young. \$2.00. Longmans, Green.
VIRTUE OF TRUST, THE. Paul de Jaegher, S.J. \$2.75. Kenedy.
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW YORK. Norman Thomas and Paul Blanshard. \$2.00. Macmillan.

Prologue to Love. Big Business. The Broom Squires. Lark Ascending.

In her "Prologue to Love" (Dodd, Mead. \$2.00), Martha Ostenso has written a very romantic story against the stimulating background of the Canadian Northwest. Autumn Dean is the flower of generations of beautiful and mysterious mothers, a rancher's daughter who had spent most of her young life at European resorts. She returns to Canada to find her father a social recluse and bitterly opposed to her love for Bruce Landor. Jarvis Dean's morbidity was the result of his jealous love for his dead wife, who had been the lover of Geoffrey Landor, the father of Bruce. Geoffrey Landor had been found dead, and his bloody ghost stood between the two lovers. After a series of mad adventures they are finally united in a scene obviously destined for Hollywood. "Prologue to Love," despite some beautiful descriptions of the Canadian country, is much too sweet and cloying to achieve more than passing amusement. While the situations are cleverly arranged and dramatically staged, the characters are, in a word, hopeless.

The cleverly humorous story, "Big Business" (Little, Brown. \$2.50), by A. S. M. Hutchinson, surpasses the author's delightful "Once Aboard the Luger" in plot, character study, and complete surrender to the spirit of comedy. "Big Business" is a rollicking, joyous venture into the realms of get-rich-quick; it has to do with a quixotic legacy and disappointed heirs, the trouble being precipitated by the fate of seven fat pug dogs. The characters are whimsical and unique. Saxon Springe, with his fertile ingenuity, Norman, his brother, who disappears, the diffident Sebastian Pringle, whose remarkable resemblance to the missing brother serves as a basis for so many comical incidents, Boy Bond, *entrepreneur extraordinaire*, Huggett, the risole-vendor at Stupendity's, and Miss Laura Peake, gentle spinster of uncertain age, are characters destined to live. The plot is gloriously complicated, leading the reader from delightful chuckle to hearty roar.

Breaking down the barriers of the caste system in India appears a hopeless task. Almost as hopeless is the task of breaking down the prejudice existing in England of mixing gypsy and farmer blood. In his book "The Broom Squires" (Macmillan. \$2.00), Eden Phillpotts gives a vivid portrayal of this prejudice. Gypsy life is well described, not only in words but in the person of the characters. For those unacquainted with this life, the characters appear overdrawn, easily creating the impression of unreality. The prolonged stay of the adopted daughter of a farmer in the gypsy camp, occasioned by a serious accident, fostered the development of that true, deep love between her and the gypsy, which finally led to the overthrow of the prejudice and to the discovery and rectification of thwarted love on the part of the parents of the lovers.

Mazo de la Roche's latest novel "Lark Ascending" (Little, Brown. \$2.50) might be summed up from one of her own sentences: "To think . . . this erotic moment might have glided by uncaptured." We are given the "erotic moments" of four people in New England and in warm-hearted Tramontana; these "moments" range from the staid faithfulness of Puritan Purley Bond to the flaming sensuality of beautiful Russian Varvara. The lark in her ascent carries quite some dirt from the barnyard. The early part of the story shows us a foolishly fond mother, Fay, surrounded by the worshiping acolytes, Diego, her son, Josie, her cousin, and Purley Bond, her humble admirer. All the background is filled in by hints of a repressed, inbred New England fishing village. The latter part of the book shows us the same group in Sicily, with Fay still the main star. The scenery changes, but the characters do not. Critics complain of the "tagged" characters of Dickens; Miss de la Roche's could easily be tagged. In between the first and second half we are treated to some descriptions that could readily have been taken from an illustrated folder of travel. What would a Freudian analyst make of Miss de la Roche after reading this novel?

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

American Catholics and the Mexican Persecution

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After reading of the renewed measures of persecution against the Church in Mexico, one wonders if there is a conspiracy of silence on the part of American Catholics during the plight of their Catholic neighbors. When there was a reported persecution of Jews in Jerusalem some months ago, protest meetings were held by American Jews to enlist sympathy for their persecuted brethren. Mahatma Gandhi enters upon a hunger strike to secure justice for some of his persecuted brothers and at once the sympathy of the whole world is aroused.

For over fifteen years a persecution of Catholics has raged in Mexico. The United States is in no small measure responsible for this. During his first term President Wilson refused recognition of the real President, Huerta, and accorded it to Carranza, an avowed enemy of the Church. When an attempt was made about three years ago to overthrow the present group of bandits ruling Mexico, at once this country with guns and ammunition hastened to the aid of the reigning brigands.

Surely if the doctrine of the Mystical Body means anything, it means we should show as much interest for these persecuted members as do the Jews and Gandhi for their suffering brothers.

We have seen Jewish Action and Hindu Action. Why not show the world American Catholic Action in the form of protest meetings and articles of protest in our newspapers and magazines? Is a protest against injustice and murder un-American when the robbed and murdered are not members of our own country? Or is such a protest to be feared as un-American only when it comes from American Catholics in behalf of persecuted members of their Faith? Is it this fear which prevents us from raising our voices against Calles and his diabolical crew?

Granite, Md.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, S.J.

The Word and the Accent

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Our laymen are usually very patient, but lately a few are finding fault with our preachers. Criticism, when constructive, benefits. Better a brickbat shied not *at* but *near* a person so as to arouse him than a cartload of scented nosegays that serve to disguise unpleasant odors and give false security. "A Layman's Complaint" in the *Commonweal* blamed some priests for preaching as if to a moron audience, and in AMERICA George Alexander writes about "Clerical Word Swallowers," which stirs A. C. P. to complain about priests who speak broken English.

Unfortunately we have the same in some parts of the South. The Church in general is doing her best to give priests properly qualified; however, the author has known parishes with many priests where each one was appointed in turn, even if one was poorly heard or understood.

Although in the South and West we are handicapped by still having to rely on some foreign priests, still I think more care might be taken in some seminaries, and even after hands have been imposed upon the young clerics. To have preachers fully like Bishops England and Ireland is impossible, as they were extraordinary men, who are rare in every profession; but priests should strive to imitate them as closely as possible.

Laymen can aid in obtaining good preachers by encouraging vocations in their own families. Perhaps priests and laymen might without acrimony throw more light on this subject, so that we can have more intelligible and forcible preachers.

Florida.

A. L. M.